

Gourmet 651

Chapter 651: Looking for a Fight?

Fire Rain Falling Blossom Noodles?

This was an extremely dazzling and imposing noodle dish—there seemed to be a brilliance rippling across the surface of the dish. On the boiling-hot broth of the noodles, crimson sparkles danced around. In an instant, the sparkles split open to blossom like flowers in spring.

“This noodle is indeed miraculous!” Xiao Yue exclaimed in surprise, looking at the noodle dish with unconcealed interest.

“Are you the Dao of Sword genius, Xiao Yue of Heaven’s Pivot Holy Grounds?” The ponytailed waitress asked Xiao Yue after leaving the bowl of noodles in front of Bu Fang.

Xiao Yue did not expect this waitress to actually recognize him, however, he did not express his surprise much and simply nodded.

Xiao Yue met his current master not long after leaving the Light Wind Empire to travel the continent. His current master was an elder of the Heaven’s Pivot Holy Grounds, and after accepting him into the sect, he began instructing Xiao Yue in the ways of the Dao of Sword.

In fact, he displayed an unparalleled talent in the practice of the Dao of Sword. He could be considered one of the shining stars of the younger generation. Although he could not be compared to the true saints and saintesses of the holy ground because of his cultivation in martial prowess, his name could still instill awe in the hearts of those who heard it.

Bu Fang did not pay much attention to their conversation.

He held up his chopsticks and tapped the surface of the table with the ends of his chopsticks lightly.

Following that, he used a ladle made from an unknown mineral to scoop up a ladleful of steaming hot noodle broth. The broth was crimson red. Intermittent bursts of light emanated from within, like fading flower petals falling off. It was incredibly eye-catching.

Slurp!

Bu Fang slurped up the entire ladle of broth. A surge of heat burst out within his mouth.

Involuntarily furrowing his brows, Bu Fang's expression was slightly heavy. This broth was delicious, and Bu Fang commended it in his heart. However, he felt that something was off! He picked up his chopsticks, not intending to continue drinking the broth but instead began to eat the noodles. Since it was a noodle dish, the main actor was still the noodles.

Bu Fang extended the chopsticks into the bowl and picked up some noodles. The orange-yellow color of the noodles was brilliant as its smooth surface reflected the incoming light. Piping-hot noodles, with small droplets of crimson broth glistening on them. It seemed as though a rain of fire had just passed through.

Firerain Falling Blossom Noodles... As expected of the blossoms which fell in a rain of fire! The overwhelming presentation of the noodles dish truly did not let its name down!

However, Bu Fang was not impressed by such gimmicks. He raised his eyebrows as he looked at each strand of noodle.

Slurp!

When the noodle entered his mouth, the bouncy and elastic texture of the noodles immediately assaulted him. It made Bu Fang feel as if his entire oral cavity was being subjected to a pleasurable massage.

The noodle's texture was perfectly balanced, additionally, there were still numerous mysterious flavors infused within it. There was the medicinal flavor of spirit herbs, the fragrance of spirit flowers and many other rare and unique ingredients... This technique which layered so many complexities within a bowl of noodles was obviously not easy.

After one mouth of the noodles, Bu Fang's heart was still full of astonishment.

Although the ponytailed woman was observing Xiao Yue because of the rarity of the appearance of such characters in the Valley of Gluttony, she was carefully observing Bu Fang's reaction as well.

She truly believed that nobody would be able to resist the delectability of Chef Ouyang's noodles dish. She believed that this young man here would be completely captivated by Chef Ouyang's delicious noodles!

She was proven wrong shortly. She realized that Bu Fang did not wolf down the noodles like the other customers, instead, he slowly placed his chopsticks on the table and dabbed at the corners of his mouth with a napkin.

What was happening?

Why was this young man not eating? Was this noodle dish not to his liking?

"Why aren't you eating?" The ponytailed waitress asked curiously, "Chef Ouyang dislikes wastages. If Chef Ouyang finds out about this, you definitely would not have the opportunity to patronize the Noodle King Establishment in the future," the ponytailed waitress reminded Bu Fang out of goodwill.

Bu Fang gave her a side glance and gave no reaction whatsoever.

"The noodles were delicious, and the broth was exquisite, however, this technique to make the noodles isn't a good one," Bu Fang said plainly.

When the ponytailed waitress heard what Bu Fang said, her face darkened instantly. This was the first time in her experience that a customer dared to nit-pick in the Noodle King Establishment.

That's right, nit-picking.

Judging from Bu Fang's behavior, he was obviously nit-picking. He took only one bite of the noodles and one mouthful of broth before beginning to criticize, so this was definitely nit-picking!

"Kind sir, that wasn't a nice thing to say. The Firerain Falling Blossom Noodles was prepared by Chef Ouyang himself, and the kneading technique also belongs to him. How dare you criticize the noodle-making technique? And... sir, what authority do you have to say things like that?" The ponytailed waitress answered with a heavy expression.

Bu Fang looked bewilderedly at this woman from the corners of his eyes.

“Must everyone who patronizes the Noodle King Establishment praise the food here? How can any perfect dish exist in this world...?”

Xiao Yue’s face turned ugly. He looked at the ponytailed waitress and said, “Owner Bu is someone who understands cooking. If he doesn’t have the authority to criticize the food, then who can have this authority?”

The ponytailed waitress had never expected that Xiao Yue would stand up to speak for Bu Fang. It seemed like the relationship between Xiao Yue and this young man was quite deep. However, did this rascal think that with Xiao Yue supporting him, Noodle King Establishment could do nothing to him?

Although Xiao Yue was outstanding... he could hardly protect himself on this trip to the Valley of Gluttony. Originally, she had wanted to advise Xiao Yue to get a favor from him, but now... she could not care less!

The ponytailed waitress stared at Xiao Yue for a moment, with all traces of warmth rapidly disappearing from her eyes.

“If everything is as I thought, then the first step of this noodle-making technique should be to pour the broth into the flour, allowing the flavor to permeate the noodles before continuing to knead the flour. Although this technique is good, the focus has been shifted away from the noodles,” Bu Fang explained calmly.

The ponytailed waitress creased her brows, and the icy look on her face grew more frigid by the second. Suddenly, her expression changed to one of respect as she stood aside and looked expectantly toward the kitchen.

At that moment, a man wearing a chef robe walked over with a bowl of noodles in his hands. This man looked handsome, and the robe he was wearing was intricately designed and looked as if it was shining resplendently.

Loud hearty laughter accompanied the entrance of this man.

“This young sir isn’t bad. I also think that this noodle-making technique has certain flaws in it. I’ve been improving and researching this noodle-making technique, however, this is the first time someone has mentioned it in my Noodle King Establishment.”

The man reached Bu Fang’s table and took a seat while smiling merrily at Bu Fang.

When the ponytailed waitress saw the appearance of the man, she withdrew several steps respectfully. Without a doubt, this man was the first-grade chef of the Noodle King Establishment, Ouyang Chenfeng.

This was one of the esteemed first-grade chefs of the Valley of Gluttony?

Bu Fang looked at Ouyang Chenfeng, and truly felt an extraordinary aura around this chef.

The aura exuded by Ouyang instantly made Bu Fang’s heart tighten.

Ouyang Chenfeng looked at Bu Fang similarly, and a complicated expression surfaced on his face. Inexplicably, when he looked at Bu Fang, he felt a pressure emanating from him. Only those monstrous chefs in the Valley of Gluttony could pressure him so.

Where did this young man come from? He was able to taste the flaws in his noodles with just one bite!

Truthfully, the flaw could not be considered major, however, Ouyang himself was rather fixated on this flaw, and continued to strive to remove it from his techniques.

“Could there be any suggestions forthcoming from this young sir?” Ouyang Chenfeng asked as he looked toward Bu Fang.

The ponytailed waitress gaped in shock in the distance.

What? Chef Ouyang was asking for suggestions from the young man? What authority did this young man have to provide suggestions to Chef Ouyang?

Chef Ouyang was a first-grade chef!

A first-grade chef of the Valley of Gluttony!

Among the top ten characters in the Valley of Gluttony!

On the other hand, Xiao Yue was used to witnessing such preposterous occurrences. Although he had not tasted Bu Fang's dishes in a long while, he trusted his judgement and firmly believed that Bu Fang's culinary skills were not weak.

The interaction between Chef Ouyang and Bu Fang was slowly gathering a crowd. The moment Chef Ouyang appeared, all the attention of the customers were drawn to him.

Listening to Ouyang Chenfeng asking Bu Fang for any suggestions caused the onlooking crowd to have the same reaction as the ponytailed waitress.

Bu Fang glanced at Ouyang Chenfeng, but in the next moment, he actually stood up. The crowd was shocked, subsequently, all of them began mocking Bu Fang.

“This kid can't fake it anymore eh?”

“Act... continue to act! You really think you're some great chef?”

“Look at his chef's robe... he's not even a chef from the Valley of Gluttony! Who does he think he is?!”

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Many people were cursing Bu Fang loudly in their hearts, they were disgruntled that this young man of unknown origins dared to pick a fight with Chef Ouyang—he was pretentious to the max.

However, in the next moment, they were all proven wrong.

They realized that they had underestimated this youth. He was not merely pretentious to the max, he was infinitely pretentious!

“Let’s go, can I use the kitchen?” Bu Fang looked at the seated Ouyang Chenfeng before calmly stating.

Ouyang Chenfeng was obviously taken aback by this abrupt and unexpected answer. He paused for a long moment before raising his eyebrows and answering, “Yes.”

The ponytailed waitress’s eyes could not possibly open any wider. What did that youth mean? Could it be that he wanted to make noodles himself?

Everyone sucked in a breath of cold air.

This fellow really dared to follow through...

More than a few customers were shaken. Could this young man truly possess culinary skills? Could he really be a chef who was even more outstanding than Chef Ouyang?

Impossible... How could any chef outside of the Valley of Gluttony be better than the chefs from it?

Was he going to show some real skills?

Interesting...

“Come, young sir, this way please.” Regaining his wits, Ouyang Chenfeng stood up and gave a slight smile.

Bu Fang patted Xiao Ya’s head lightly and said, “Wait here for a while, I’ll be back really soon. Xiao Yue, please help me take care of this girl.”

Xiao Yue gave a start before nodding.

In the next moment, Bu Fang turned and followed Chef Ouyang to enter the kitchen, disappearing from the view of the crowd of customers.

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Outside, a large troop of people and horses rushed toward the Noodle King Establishment. A war chariot screeched to a stop, and a tall and sturdy figure could be seen standing imposingly on it.

This person was wearing a golden robe and a golden crown, and his aura was exceptional. Clasping his hands behind his back, he walked down leisurely from the chariot toward the Noodle King Establishment.

The troops split toward the sides to carve out a path for him. The surrounding human traffic was cordoned off and no one was able to get near the Noodle King Establishment.

Chapter 652: The Heavenly Spring Saint Son

The din outside the restaurant incited many to turn their head around to see what had transpired. Such a great army formation attracted the eyes of many onlookers. It was a rarity to see a corp of such magnitude in the Valley of Gluttony.

A figure in a long golden robe stepped in. He was tall and muscular, wearing a golden crown and a pair of dragon skin boots. He had an air of elegance and greatness. All the onlookers felt a blazing gaze from that man, who emanated a frightening air. The crowd realized they had been in a daze for a moment, so they took a deep breath involuntarily.

“This is the Heavenly Spring Saint Son! He’s one of the top figures amongst the younger generation at the Heavenly Spring Holy-Land. He has come out of the Heavenly Spring? It is unusual for a man like him to appear at the Glutton God’s Banquet!”

“The Heavenly Spring Saint Son! I heard he has successfully gathered and mastered the five-tiered soul ladder, proceeding to the sixth level!”

“We finally got to see the Heavenly Spring Saint Son in person! He really does look formidable!”

The diners felt their fear surging upon seeing the Heavenly Spring Saint Son, as the aura around his body was too intense.

As the Heavenly Spring Saint Son entered the restaurant, he averted his gaze and fixated it at Xiao Yue. His eyes were as sharp as a sword that could slice through the arch of heaven. Xiao Yue frowned and there was a grave look on his face. He turned and looked at the Heavenly Spring Saint Son, and there was an undercurrent of opposition between their presence. But alas, Xiao Yue's energy was many levels below that of the Heavenly Spring Saint Son, much like the comparison between the bright moon and the dim firefly. It was a fair comparison, though, since the Heavenly Spring Saint Son was the top seed in the Divine Soul Realm to have mastered and gathered the soul ladder. His ability naturally overwhelmed Xiao Yue's, although it was no mere feat for Xiao Yue to be ranked one of the tops in the younger generation. However, no one would doubt Xiao Yue's potential to attain the status similar to the likes of the Heavenly Spring Saint Son in the future.

Buzz.

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son stood serenely, with his energy escalating and surging slowly towards Xiao Yue like an enormous mountain, about to crush him. Xiao Yue's expression was solemn as the crystal-glazed sword on his back quivered at an accelerated speed, and the torrent of sword energy exuded from Xiao Yue was resisting the pressure from the Heavenly Spring Saint Son. Everyone held their breaths as they witnessed the Heavenly Spring Saint Son lording over the young genius, Xiao Yue.

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son raised his palm abruptly, clasped it and pointed a finger. Xiao Yue squinted his eyes and gave a shudder. The sword behind him swooshed out, quivering in a low chant, with the sword rays glittering and glaring. The entire restaurant was encompassed by the sword energy.

A finger versus a sword. The two collided in the air, but the sword energy collapsed miserably into fragments under the finger. Xiao Yue's sword floated in front of him. It could not stop its tremor and still chanted incessantly.

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son clasped his hands behind his back, with all the haughtiness on his face. The onlookers felt a coldness enveloping their hearts. Was the Heavenly Spring Saint Son going to kill the top talent of the Heaven's Pivot Holy Grounds right at the Noodle King Restaurant? It might just stir up a war between the Heavenly Spring Holy-Land and the Heaven's Pivot Holy Grounds.

It looked like the saying that the Heavenly Spring Saint Son was overbearing and highhanded was true. Xiao Yue's heart thudded. He had to retaliate and not just await his death pessimistically. The Heavenly Spring Saint Son's attack was totally unexpected, hence it could most likely have been due to the instigation of another party. Xiao Yue had a clear mind as to who that person was. Xiao Yue held on to his sword, with his tress wavering and his eyes razor-sharp.

“Oh, you have not given up the fight, have you?” The Heavenly Spring Saint Son closed his eyes slightly.

He smacked Xiao Yue with his finger, much like the way he would use his palm, distorting the sword into a forced bend.

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In the kitchen, Ouyang Chenfeng stepped in smilingly. It was a huge kitchen, with silhouettes moving in the flowing crowd, and various fires were illuminating the air and the different aromas were assailing one's nose.

The chefs were standing in front of the stoves arranged in rows, and there was even a second-grade chef among them. Near the stove stood a corner assigned specially for the making of noodle dishes. The flour particles could be seen drifting in the air, and the slapping sound of dough being made resonated.

The chefs greeted Ouyang Chenfeng with great respect as he and Bu Fang entered the kitchen. Ouyang Chenfeng nodded and acknowledged them with a smile. He had words of encouragement for the chefs and had no air of haughtiness unique to first-grade chefs. Bu Fang was rather taken aback by the amiable disposition of Ouyang Chenfeng.

“Little friend, do come over.” Ouyang Chenfeng smiled. The chefs who were busy cooking were startled. They could not believe that Ouyang Chenfeng allowed the young lad to enter his kitchen. That was Master Chef Ouyang Chenfeng's very own kitchen! A kitchen that he allowed access to no other person except on occasions that he wanted to teach a culinary skill or two to his disciples. However, he had now allowed an unfamiliar young stranger to use his kitchen! Had he decided to recruit this young lad as his new disciple? However, it did not seem so from the looks of it.

At that instant, someone related the comments Bu Fang made outside the restaurant. Most of the chefs were aghast, and the next moment, they opened their eyes wide in disbelief. “What!? That little chef wants to teach Master Chef Ouyang the way to cook noodles?”

“That lad is too arrogant! Chef Ouyang is one of the first-grade chefs, where did the guy get his confidence and courage to spout such arrogance!”

“Let’s go over secretly. This is the prelude of trouble brewing!”

The chefs were whispering into each other’s ears, with their faces full of righteous indignation. The second-grade chef was fiddling with his crystal-glazed kitchen knife, and his brows furrowed above his cold sharp gaze. He had brimming respect for Master Chef Ouyang hence he would allow no others to belittle him. There was no doubt that Bu Fang had insulted Master Chef Ouyang.

The crowd surged forward and stuck their head in to look at the kitchen.

Bu Fang walked into the kitchen which was a compartment within the kitchen. Ouyang’s kitchen was far better equipped than the other kitchen, and the most eminent of all was the exquisite kitchen knife nestling on the rack at the center of the kitchen. The kitchen knife was impeccable. It was unlike those other weird kitchen knives, full of arrogance. Instead, it was almost transparent and had an air of daintiness.

“This is my personal kitchen knife. I asked the Elder of the Valley to cast this knife specially for me when I became a first-grade chef. This is the Cicada Winged Knife.” Ouyang was proud to declare.

With a swipe, Ouyang Chenfeng grasped the kitchen knife, with a fidget of his fingers, the knife rotated in lightning speed in his hands, almost indiscernible to others.

Cicada Winged Knife, as thin as the wings of a cicada.

Bu Fang was full of admiration for the Cicada Winged Knife. It was of a higher grade than the Icy Soul Kitchen Knife stacked in his knife cabinet.

“We have reached the kitchen. It is time for me to witness my little friend’s cooking of the noodle cuisine.” Ouyang Chenfeng said, with his smile fading slightly. He had the pride all first-grade chefs would have. He knew that there were some flaws in his noodle making and he had been relentless in his effort to uncover and rectify the flaws. However, to be brought up so blatantly by Bu Fang made him a tad uneasy.

The crowd was held breathless, and some were sniggering in their hearts. They assumed the young man was putting up a false front.

Bu Fang looked at Ouyang Chenfeng but did not open his mouth to speak. He exhaled lightly, and almost immediately green smoke was seen rising from his hands, a soft dragon chant reverberated and a pitch-black kitchen knife appeared in his hand.

Buzz.

Ouyang Chenfeng's eyes squinched. The Cicada Winged Knife in his hand dithered the moment the black knife emerged. He looked at Bu Fang and his knife with great suspicion and also curiosity. Bu Fang held his Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife abreast but did not attempt to introduce it. How was he going to give details of the knife when he did not even know it himself?

The kitchen knife was twirled in his hand, and with a light thug in the air, the bag of flour flew upwards. It was pricked lightly by the knife and from the opening, the white powdery flour showered, permeating the room with a fragrance unique to wheat flour, accompanied by a freshness of spirit energy.

"Excellent flour!" Bu Fang raised his hand. As the true energy in his hands gathered, the flour was attracted to his hand, creating a white hue swirling around his palm, enshrouding it under the light.

"This is a special flour from the Valley of the Gluttony. It was milled using the unique spirit wheat, rendering it unusual." Ouyang Chenfeng explained. He stared at Bu Fang with his piercing eyes, trying to see through Bu Fang. However, there seemed to be a shrouding mist around him, not allowing Ouyang to perceive through. His eyes squinted as Bu Fang began to move.

Splash.

Crystal clear water droplets were splattered, blending instantaneously with the flour floating above Bu Fang's hand.

"You are using plain water?" Ouyang Chenfeng was startled. He had only used spirit juice or the blood of great spirit beast to mix with the flour. Only then could the kneaded noodles be filled with a unique undulation, making them more tasteful.

Bu Fang seemed to be able to discern the Ouyang's thoughts. He twitched his lips and said, "Clear plain water would not mask the special fragrance of the wheat flour. It is that fragrance that is of utmost importance."

Swoosh.

Bu Fang retracted his hand, igniting a thunderous buzz. The powdery ball of flour could be seen expanding at an alarming speed, and explosions seemed to be occurring in the ball.

Thunder!

As Bu Fang's thought sank in, the boundless and majestic mental force surged, increasing the frequency of the explosions within the ball, the thunderous buzz was unstoppable.

Boom.

Bu Fang smacked the dough ferociously on the kitchen stove. The tumultuous rumble made everyone sit up. Ouyang Chenfeng wore a bewildered expression as he walked toward Bu Fang.

“Are you kneading the dough or are you smashing the dough? Smashing the dough so loudly would not make a good noodle!”

Bu Fang was oblivious to the doubtful eyes cast at him as he flung the ball of dough yet again.

Slap!

The dough was thrown forcefully on the kitchen stove. Ouyang Chenfeng watched intently Bu Fang's actions, and his expression changed suddenly. There was disbelief in his eyes, disbelief that something improbable had happened.

Chapter 653: A Bowl of Knife-Shaved Noodles

Bang! Bang!

Bu Fang's expression was indifferent and his mental energy intertwined with the dough and surged immensely as he sensed the changes in energy within it.

His wrist rotated continuously, and the dough rose with each rotation, emitting a muffled sound, after which he slapped it hard atop the stove, creating sounds of explosions.

Everyone looked at him in amazement as if it were really about to explode.

It was their first time witnessing such a kneading technique, and this violent technique was simply shocking to the eye.

Initially, Ouyang Chenfeng did not pay close attention to the scene before him, but within a short period of time, his eyes opened wide as he felt the strong spiritual energy that was permeating throughout the dough.

This dough had not been soaked with the medicinal fluid of any spirit herb, neither had it been enhanced with any herbs. Then, how did the large fluctuation in the spirit energy come about? Could it be that by smashing the dough down a few times, the spirit energy within it would rise tremendously?

The others' senses were not as acute as Ouyang Chenfeng's so they could not sense the spirit energy within the dough, but they were very much impressed by Bu Fang's method.

"Is this chap really cooking? It simply looks like he is releasing his anger."

"This is called kneading? Then I know this too!"

"How dare he have the audacity to challenge Master Ouyang when he doesn't possess any kneading technique! This chap is truly arrogant!"

...

The chefs outside the kitchen were engaged in a rigorous discussion. As they watched Bu Fang's movements, the looks of disdain on their faces intensified to the highest extent. It was obvious that these chefs completely disregarded Bu Fang's kneading techniques.

However, if there were ignorant people, naturally there would be those who were aware as well.

In addition to a group of third-grade chefs, there was also a second-grade chef who looked at Bu Fang with a dignified expression on his face, seemingly unable to see through Bu Fang's kneading technique.

However, he was able to sense the shock from Master Ouyang's face.

Could it be that this violent kneading technique... was indeed useful?

Bang!

Once again, the dough was slapped against the stove. At this moment, the dough was so abundant with spirit energy it seemed as if it were an enormous piece of jade, exuding brilliance and radiance.

"This... is a fine piece of kneaded dough!"

Master Ouyang's eyes glittered as he looked at the jade-like dough, and he could not help but sincerely praise it from the bottom of his heart. This dough was of the highest quality. It was difficult to imagine that this was achieved by this sort of violent kneading technique.

Bu Fang extended his slender fingers and gently tapped on the dough, leaving a depression which slowly rebounded. He was quite satisfied with the soft and moist texture.

With the use of only high-quality flour and clear water, the noodles made from them would be the best.

Bu Fang turned his head to look at the other people and noticed that they were staring blankly at him, while their eyes were filled with doubt and disbelief.

"He actually managed to knead it?!"

Looking at the warm-jade-like dough, everyone inhaled a breath of cool air and they were all extremely appalled. With that technique, one could knead such high-quality dough?!

Master Ouyang leaned his head onto his hands and watched that moist dough, and a corner of his mouth raised.

His hand gently caressed the front of the dough. That soft touch; that pure, uncontaminated fragrance of the flour...

“This is truly unbelievable.”

After a long while, Master Ouyang sighed and he seemed to age a little.

“Hey... Will you like me to continue making the noodles?” Seeing Master Ouyang caressing the dough and sighing continuously, Bu Fang turned his head, looked at him, and asked.

“The purity and quality of this dough truly makes one not bear to work on it. Today, you’ve really taught me something,” said Ouyang Chenfeng.

Initially, he thought that Bu Fang was joking about it, but when the latter really performed that violent kneading technique, he was truly amazed. His mocking attitude towards Bu Fang disappeared naturally.

“Sure, you may do it.”

Hearing that Bu Fang wanted to make noodles, Ouyang Chenfeng was taken aback at first, but in the next moment, his eyes sparkled.

Upon getting the approval from Ouyang Chenfeng, Bu Fang suddenly raised his eyebrows.

Even Bu Fang himself was not able to fathom how he was able to knead such high-quality dough this time, because the failure rate to produce such high-quality dough was too high. After actually kneading this kind of dough, Bu Fang wanted to take a shot at cooking it.

With a sway of his hands, the dough swirled, and flour filled the air.

This time, Bu Fang did not summon the Black Turtle Constellation Wok as he discovered that there was another pretty good black wok on the stove.

When he flipped his hand, a flame started burning in his hands. This flame was not very hot since it was not the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame.

Flicking his fingers, the flame jumped to the bottom of the wok and burned intensely, heating up the black wok.

With his peripheral vision, Bu Fang spotted the ingredients rack which was cluttered with ingredients far away.

“Can I use the ingredients?” asked Bu Fang.

“Use them as you please.” Ouyang Chenfeng’s curiosity was piqued as he wondered what kind of noodle dish Bu Fang would whip up with this dough.

The use of the ingredients did not matter to chef Ouyang at all.

Bu Fang nodded his head and, in the next moment, arrived in front of the ingredients rack and selected various among them.

With a thud, Bu Fang placed the bone of a cow spirit beast on the chopping board and brutally chopped it with a kitchen knife. With little effort, the bone instantly cracked.

Ouyang Chenfeng’s expression changed slightly as he looked at the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife in Bu Fang’s hand.

“This kitchen knife... is interesting!”

As a first-grade chef in the Valley of Gluttony, Ouyang Chenfeng’s range of experience was extraordinary. That Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife seemed to be of equal standing with the Cicada’s Wing Knife he possessed.

Bu Fang’s expression was indifferent as he raised his kitchen knife and then struck the bone once again, chopping the beef bone bit by bit.

When Bu Fang raised his finger, the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife spun in his hand, emitting a buzzing sound, and in the next instant the kitchen knife was tossed onto the chopping board.

With a clatter, those beef bones landed into the black wok one by one.

Inside the wok, there was hot, boiling water.

Once the beef bones were placed into the wok, boundless spirit essence spurted out.

At this moment, the group of chefs peeping through the door was dumbfounded. Everyone inhaled sharply. Judging from Bu Fang's knife technique, he was definitely not an ordinary chef. This youth was an extremely talented, low profile chef.

Covering the wok with the lid, he allowed the beef bones within the black wok to boil, and began to prepare other things.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

With a flick of his wrist and a spin of his kitchen knife, the knife cut out swaths of patterns in the air adroitly. That showy and spontaneous action dazzled the eyes of many. They never expected that cooking could be this cool!

Thuck thuck thuck!

The rhythmic sound of the kitchen knife hitting the chopping board reverberated in everyone's ears and in the next instant, the ingredients that Bu Fang had selected were chopped up into small pieces.

Boom!

Flames leaped into the sky as Bu Fang lit up the bottom of another wok, and after adding oil, he used a ladle and emptied the cut ingredients into the wok.

A flame soared into the sky, blurring everyone's vision slightly and causing some people to exclaim out with shock within their hearts.

However, after the exclamation, they began to quiet down as the fire within the wok that had just appeared was nothing but an ordinary scene. Even they could achieve it easily.

Scrape scrape scrape!

With a well-practiced stir-fry, the ingredients within the wok were coated with a layer of oil, glistening and looking absolutely beautiful, with a rich fragrance emanating from them.

Some of the people in the audience inadvertently took a sniff of the fragrance and were shocked.

They pondered, why would the food cooked by this chap be more fragrant than the ones they cooked?

Ouyang Chenfeng's expression tightened slightly.

His facial expressions had already been changing continuously since a while ago as he observed the way Bu Fang cooked.

He finally knew where the pressure imposed by Bu Fang originated from; just from this skilled operation, one could tell that Bu Fang was definitely an experienced chef. Bu Fang's extent of familiarity with the kitchen was no less than his.

Furthermore, one could even say that Bu Fang's culinary experience surpassed his.

"Could it be that this chap was actually a first-grade chef? A first-grade chef from outside of this valley? Then this chap's culinary talent would be terrifying!" Ouyang Chenfeng muttered.

After the cooking of the dishes had been completed, the wok was raised, and its contents were presented on a plate before being set it aside.

Bu Fang then uncovered the black wok that contained the boiling beef bones. The hot water in the wok was boiling and constantly bubbling.

The beef bones rolled around in the wok, emitting a meaty fragrance.

Instead of picking up the beef bones, Bu Fang used a single hand to grab the high-quality dough, while the other flipped the Dragon Bone Knife, which landed into his hand.

Waving the knife gently downwards, a slice of dough flew out and landed accurately into the hot wok containing the boiling beef bone soup, leaving the onlookers surprised and stunned.

In an instant, the slice of noodle was swallowed by the hot, bubbling water and disappeared.

“What are you doing?!” Ouyang Chenfeng’s eyes shrunk. It did not strike him that Bu Fang would do something like that!

That high-quality dough was destroyed just like that!

That goddamned bastard!

How could he do such an outrageous thing!

Without waiting for him to finish, Bu Fang made a second cut. The second slice of dough fell into the wok without a sound.

Closing four fingers together and holding the knife horizontally, Bu Fang masterfully waved his kitchen knife in a rhythmic fashion, casting slices of dough into the sky – each slice accurately landing into the beef bone soup.

No one made sense of what Bu Fang was doing, using a knife to shave noodles?

Was he crazy?!

How could the noodles produced via such means have a good texture?!

Even Ouyang Chenfeng could not help but think that Bu Fang was indeed wasting the dough recklessly. Such high-quality dough was so hard to come by!

After slicing approximately half of the dough, Bu Fang stopped. He placed the unused dough on the stove. Using a colander, he fished out the contents of the beef bone soup, and immediately, steaming hot water splashed in all directions.

Within the colander, a dense mist permeated the space, accompanied by an abundance of spirit energy.

Glancing at the big, glittering pile of noodles, everyone was slightly astonished.

Master Ouyang was also taken aback and let out a mocking laugh.

“You really made noodles with the dough... It is somewhat similar to the wide noodles that I knead.” Master Ouyang commented.

Bu Fang picked a large blue and white porcelain bowl, and poured the knife-shaved noodles into the bowl, after which he topped the noodles with the stir-fried ingredients. Lastly, a spoonful of boiling beef bone soup was added to the bowl.

The aroma instantly filled the people’s nostrils and pervaded the air! After preparing all that, Bu Fang was still not done cooking yet.

Again, he prepared another wok, poured the oil in, and once the oil was bubbling, Bu Fang cracked a spirit beast egg with one hand.

With a crack, the spirit beast egg split open and both the egg white and yolk slipped into the wok.

Plop!

In that instant, a dense aroma surged out!

Chapter 654: A Bowl of Knife-Shaved Seafood Noodle with Fried Egg

Once the spirit beast egg was placed into the wok, it gave a sizzling sound, the oil splattered and a gust of smoke rushed out, suffused with the thick aroma of the egg which instantly permeated the room.

Bu Fang held the wok with one hand, allowing the fluid egg to flow freely in it, coagulating. In no time, the egg white was shimmering in a lustrous hue like a beautiful jade. Embedded in the center of the white was the yolk, as exquisite as a dazzling topaz.

Bu Fang's expression was calm. He shook his hand, and in a flash, the sunny-side-up was hoisted into the air, making a stunning somersault in the arch of heaven before dropping back to the wok.

The crowd was bewildered. Their gaze followed the path of the sunny-side-up, flinging up then back down to the wok. It was comical to see every head raised and lowered in unison.

Bu Fang turned off the fire and shook the wok. The piping hot egg was lifted into the air and eventually landed perfectly on the Knife-Shaved Noodles. Just when one thought that Bu Fang was done with the cooking, he dished out another ingredient from the ingredient rack. He picked up shrimp spirit beasts. The shrimps were still bubbling through their mouths.

Bu Fang opened his mouth and in a breath, spurt out a golden ball of blazing flames. The intense heat immediately filled up the entire kitchen.

Chef Ouyang looked at the golden ball of flame in Bu Fang's hands and exclaimed, "This is a Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame! You are using it to cook?!"

Ouyang was astounded. It was well stated that the Heaven and Earth Obsidian flame was edgy. It was true that its temperature was extremely high but culinary and alchemic skills were different. In the cooking process, having a high temperature did not necessarily mean well.

Bu Fang looked sidelong at Ouyang Chenfeng, moved his lips, and just as his thought emerged, the flame blossomed in his hands into a glamorous golden light, with a seemingly unique roar emanating from it.

Bu Fang moved the shrimps through the golden flame one by one, and they were cooked in a flash. When all the shrimps were fully cooked, Bu Fang extinguished the fire from his hand and with only a gesture, the grilled shrimps landed on the cooked noodles nicely. Lying serenely above the sunny-side-up, the red hot shrimps exuded a fragrance of seafood.

He did not proceed further at this stage, he merely wiped the moisture from his hands and said coolly, "Hmm... the Knife-Shaved Seafood Noodle With Fried Egg."

Finally completed? When the assembly realized that Bu Fang had indeed completed his cooking of the dish, they heaved a sigh of relief.

Bu Fang was invited by chef Ouyang Chenfeng to cook in this kitchen, and they had to admit that Bu Fang's culinary skill was much better than theirs. They were no match for him even if it was just the familiarity and ease when he cooked.

"Why don't you have a taste of this simple fare? The way the dough was kneaded was not complex nor pretentious, but you should be able to taste the difference between this dish and the noodle you cooked."

Bu Fang liked Ouyang Chenfeng, who was candid. He was unlike the other chefs from the Valley of Gluttony, haughty and full of themselves, always looking at others with contempt.

Ouyang Chenfeng had a solemn look upon hearing Bu Fang's words. He nodded his head and picked up the pair of clean chopsticks which was presented to him by a third-grade chef. His gaze fixated at the bowl of Knife-Shaved Seafood Noodle with Fried Egg. He had to confess that the noodle was rather simple and plain. However, as he looked on longer, he could sense his appetite surging, spellbound by the magic of the noodle. That was unimaginable.

He stuck his chopstick into the dish, picked up the glistening, jade-like egg and bit on it. There seemed to be a bounciness in the egg white. Once in the mouth, the richness of the egg enveloped his mouth, making him shudder.

It was merely an egg, yet it gave him such an awe-inspiring sensation. That little chef was special!

He looked soberly at Bu Fang and had his second take of the dish. He decided to reach straight for the Knife-Shaved Noodles, bypassing the shrimp. The noodle was smooth, white, and steaming hot, much like a beautiful lustrous jade. An aroma unique to wheat flour diffused out, with the taste of the ox-bone soup combined seamlessly. The great chef Ouyang nearly could not control his gluttonous desire for a moment.

Gulp. All the chefs around stared at the sparkling Knife-Shaved Noodles illuminated under the lights. They swallowed their saliva, and there was a look of desire in every eye.

So fragrant and beautiful... It sufficed to stir up their appetite just by looking at it.

Ouyang Chenfeng admired the noodle for a while before putting the noodle into his mouth. The Knife-Shaved Noodles was sliced to the right thickness, neither too thick nor too thin, with the right consistency. Once it entered the mouth, it almost slipped silkily straight into the stomach like a slimy eel. The boiling sensation was accompanied by a special fragrance, enough to put even the Noodle King from the Valley of Gluttony, Ouyang Chenfeng, to full indulgence and brought him to close his eyes in satisfaction. He smiled.

“This is an authentic noodle fragrance... It has been a long time since I last ate this kind of noodle. I have this sudden influx of memories of the times when I first started making noodles... Noodle was everything to me back then. I could practice day and night the culinary skills of noodle cooking. I was immersed in the aroma of them. The scent was just like this dish, it was a taste that I had long forgotten but brought back to mind by this bowl of noodles.”

Ouyang Chenfeng opened his eyes which were glistening with tears. Those days of struggling were to be remembered and cherished.

The noodle in his mouth had vanished into his stomach, but Ouyang Chenfeng struck again. He picked up another piece of the Knife-Shaved Noodles, as that intoxicating sensation was too much for him to bear. He then took the sunny-side-up again, biting through the yolk, he felt like he was smashing an exquisite piece of artwork into pieces.

There was still the viscous fluid in the center of the yolk, but the yolk might have been eighty percent cooked, smooth and lubricating, without a trace of raw stench. The lustrous silkiness of the yolk widened Ouyang Chenfeng's eyes; it was unimaginable that there existed such a technique in a simple sunny-side-up. It must be a great challenge to the chef's ability to control the intensity of the cooking flame. If it was not managed perfectly, the fluid egg would have coagulated if it was overcooked, or retained the raw taste if undercooked. That raw taste of the egg could be indeed very revolting!

However, Bu Fang's egg had no problem of such; it was as delicious as fresh cream.

After consuming the egg, Ouyang Chenfeng was truly intoxicated. He lifted the bowl and with a gulp, he swallowed a mouthful of the thick noodle soup. The noodle and the soup were two essential components of a bowl of noodle soup. The soup that Bu Fang stewed was plain ox-bone soup, with no addition of other spirit herbs or ingredient.

Would the soup be too uninteresting, then?

Once in the mouth, the boiling hot soup flowed smoothly into the gullet, and that satisfying feeling made Ouyang Chenfeng shiver. The creamy soup was appealing to the senses, with the aroma of the ox-bone and the rich fragrance of the meat soup. The egg and the shrimp blended into the soup seamlessly yet they retained their unique taste and texture, making one drunk in the indulgence.

There could only be one word to describe the soup: delicious!

Ouyang Chenfeng's pair of chopsticks finally landed on the shrimp after he had finished the soup. He was full of anticipation for that shrimp which was grilled using the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame.

He nipped off the shrimp head, pulled through the entire shell and in no time, the shrimp was deshelled. The whitish flesh, interspersing with bands of reds, was brought to sight. There was mist swirling above the prawn, it was a beautiful sight.

He dipped the shrimp into the soup, then put it into his mouth.

Rumble!

Ouyang Chenfeng's eyes were forced to open wide. He felt as if he was thrown into the ocean, with its torrential waves dashing toward him. It was that feeling that made him shudder.

"It is truly... delicious!"

It was hard to believe but that the shrimp was cooked using the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame. How on earth could someone control that temperamental fire and use it for culinary cooking? Could the Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame have added some special value and upgraded the dish?

Ouyang Chenfeng sank deep into thought.

"Master Ouyang, could you allow me to have a taste of the dish?"

Just as Ouyang Chenfeng was brooding, the second-grade chef from the noodle shop requested, with his eyes full of expectation. Ouyang Chenfeng was brought back to his senses and sighed as he looked at the second-grade chef. "Go ahead, go ahead. This will make you aware that there is always someone more capable than you out there."

The second-grade chef's eyes brightened. He took over a pair of chopsticks and started sampling the Knife-Shaved Noodles. With only one mouthful, he was completely stunned and stood dumbfounded.

Ouyang Chenfeng looked at him and gave another sigh.

He turned to face Bu Fang. At that moment, he no longer found Bu Fang an arrogant lad. He had subconsciously ranked Bu Fang on par with him.

As equals. As first-grade chefs!

It must be stated that first-grade chefs were of exalted status in the Valley of Gluttony. In fact, there were only less than thirty first-grade chefs at the Valley of Gluttony. This young lad was comparable to those demonic chefs from the Valley.

"The youngsters nowadays are indeed awesome," Ouyang Chenfeng said without regret. "Little friend Bu Fang, please have a seat at my restaurant. I have learned a lot this round from your culinary cooking of the noodle cuisine. Let me treat you to dishes at my shop."

Bu Fang was startled but he nodded his head. Both of them then turned to leave the kitchen, heading toward the dining area. Just as they reached the shop, they sensed a change in the ambience. There was a pervasive suppression, saturated with the energy of the sword.

What was happening?

Ouyang Chenfeng's expression turned cloudy. He could tell that someone was stirring up trouble in his shop!

Chapter 655: Conflict

Xiao Yue was imbued with agitation as the will of sword emanated from his body. The sword in his hand was blooming with brilliant rays of light due to the sword luster.

The crowd around him was breathless. Not a single soul dared to speak or stand up for him as his rival was no other than the Heavenly Spring Saint Son. The Heavenly Spring Saint Son, whose status was honorable and cultivation level exceptional!

Even Xiao Yue was nonplussed to the reason behind the Son's decision to deal with him, let alone the crowd.

Boom!

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son pressed his palm downwards, and the air vibrated with a light buzz instantly.

Xiao Yue felt the sword in his hand quiver for a moment, almost dropping out of his grasp, and he creased his brows. He had exhibited exceptionally high aptitude since he was accepted by the elder of the Heaven's Pivot Holy Grounds as a disciple, after leaving the Light Wind Empire. His cultivation level was mounting steadily and he had become one of the top talents in the Heaven's Pivot Holy Grounds. Even the Saints there held him in high regard.

The Saints of both the Heaven's Pivot Holy Grounds and the Heavenly Spring had always been on good terms, so was the Heavenly Spring Saint Son trying to help Heaven's Pivot Saint Son get rid of Xiao Yue? If that was true, such action was too outrageous!

Xiao Yue's cold gaze was as sharp as the tip of the sword.

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son was slightly startled as he looked at the figures emerging from the kitchen.

"What a domineering and impressive presence. I run a small business, so would your royal highness mind showcasing your dominance outside my little noodle shop?" Ouyang Chenfeng had his hands at his back, as his face was astringent. Every step he took caused his energy to surge.

As a first-grade chef in the Valley of the Gluttony, Ouyang Chenfeng was highly capable and was unafraid of even the Heavenly Spring Saint Son. Even if he was a tad fearful, it was only attributed to the status of the Saint.

Once Ouyang Chenfeng's imposing presence entered the picture, the pressure on Xiao Yue was reduced and his face changed slightly.

“Oh, chef Ouyang, it has been a long time since we last met. I truly miss your Heaven Burial Noodle!” The Heavenly Spring Saint Son said as he turned his head to look coolly at Ouyang Chenfeng.

He was still a first-grade chef from the Valley of the Gluttony. Although the Valley of the Gluttony was only a subsidiary of the Hidden Dragon Royal Court, its ability was on par with the Sacred Lands. Being the holy land of all chefs in the entire Hidden Dragon Continent, the mysterious master of the Valley of Gluttony was someone all Saints were wary about. Hence, the first-grade chef of the Valley of Gluttony would be utterly respectable too.

“No, no, if the Heavenly Spring Saint Son would like to eat it, I would cook it immediately. However, the preparation for this noodle is complicated, and its cooking process is even tougher. I am just worried that the Saint would get impatient while waiting.”

Ouyang Chenfeng clasped his hands behind his back. His chef robe snuggled closely to his body under the fearsome coercion of the Heavenly Spring Saint Son.

Upon hearing Ouyang Chenfeng’s words, the Heavenly Spring Saint Son heaved lightly. He only needed to raise his hand and everyone’s heart pulsated. Was it true that the Heavenly Spring Saint Son would be attacking soon? Did he have the courage to do it?

That was the Valley of Gluttony... The Heavenly Spring Saint Son was to attend the banquet for the gluttony dishes. If he were to wipe out a first-grade chef of the valley, how on earth could he attend the banquet thereafter?

Everyone was baffled, but the Heavenly Spring Saint Son had no fear.

The shimmering palm swept toward Ouyang Chenfeng. The Heavenly Spring Saint Son seemed to have made up his mind. He would kill Ouyang Chenfeng who dared to stop him in his challenge.

Ouyang Chenfeng’s heart shuddered. He did not imagine that the Heavenly Spring Saint Son would be so merciless in his attack. These saints and saintess were getting increasingly insolent at the Valley of Gluttony!

Did they think that the Valley of Gluttony could be lorded over so easily, only because their master had disappeared for a long while?

When the Heavenly Spring Saint Son was about to hit the target, a laugh broke out from outside the door. The stagnant air seemed to have fragmented by that laughter, and everyone felt the burden off their chest.

Who was that?

The leader of the pack was a man in a loose robe. He was not extremely handsome, but the imposing presence of him was extremely gruesome. Every part of him was vibrating with every stride.

“The Heaven’s Pivot Saint Son! Why is he here?”

The man who identified the saint gave him a peculiar look. The Heavenly Spring Saint Son was plotting against the top talent from the Heaven’s Pivot Holy Grounds, then the Heaven’s Pivot Saint Son appeared himself. There seemed to be a weird connection.

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son looked askance at the Heaven’s Pivot Saint Son.

“So it is brother Liancheng, what a coincidence!” The Heavenly Spring Saint Son showed some restraint on his presence and greeted the oncoming saint of Heaven’s Pivot Holy Grounds by cupping his fist. The Heaven’s Pivot Saint Son did likewise. They seemed to know each other quite well.

“Since brother Liancheng is here, I would do brother Liancheng a favor by pardoning this impertinent lad,” the Heavenly Spring Saint Son said lightly. He entered the restaurant with his entourage.

When the Heavenly Spring Saint Son walked past Xiao Yue, he tilted his lips and glanced at him with disdain. He squinted his eyes abruptly, and his gaze fixated at the little girl, Xiao Ya, who was sitting shyly there. Then, he frowned.

He stared at Xiao Ya, with something swirling in his eyes. He sensed a black mist shrouding Xiao Ya.

“There seems to be something odd about this girl...” The Heavenly Spring Saint Son stuck his hand out to catch Xiao Ya upon saying the sentence.

When Xiao Yue saw that, his heart trembled and his sword he had at his back swung to his hand. The luster of the sword gyrated like a dragon and slashed toward the Heavenly Spring Saint Son.

“Stop it,” said Xiao Yue huskily.

Buzz.

Xiao Yue was almost immediately blocked by the two maids behind the Heavenly Spring Saint Son. They held slender swords, and their agitated energy rushed toward Xiao Yue, blocking his body. The Heavenly Spring Saint Son did not stop, but continued to capture the little girl with his palm.

Slap. A fair and slender hand caught hold of the hand of the saint. The saint froze and saw an equally impassive face when he looked up gradually. That was a familiar face.

“How dare you disrupt the Heavenly Spring Saint Son? Who do you think you are?” said the Heavenly Spring Saint Son.

Bu Fang looked sideways at the Heavenly Spring Saint Son, and with his remaining hand, he tapped on Xiao Ya’s head, enabling her to hide behind his back.

“You bully a child and dare call yourself a Saint?” said Bu Fang.

Bu Fang’s hand was abruptly flung off the Heavenly Spring Saint Son’s hand. The saint squinted his eyes at Bu Fang.

“You are courageous... But you are in no position qualified to speak to me in that manner.”

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son put his hands behind him and looked sidelong at Bu Fang, then twitched his lip and strolled into the restaurant, ignoring Bu Fang.

Bu Fang watched the Heavenly Spring Saint Son enter the restaurant with an apathetic glance. His face was devoid of emotion. He tapped Xiao Ya’s head and gave a light breath.

Ouyang Chenfeng came over, frowning as he said sternly to Bu Fang, “Leave, little friend. You are putting yourself in a precarious position by provoking the Heavenly Spring Saint Son. Or you could stay put in this noodle shop. As arrogant as he is, he would not kill someone right before my eyes.”

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son was notorious for being a vengeful man, sparing no one who had offended him. The three maids under him had powerful cultivation levels, akin to the three sabres in the saint’s hands, ruthless and cruel, killing in great numbers. Xiao Yue was badgered by two of them.

“It is not necessary.” Bu Fang slanted his gaze at the Heavenly Spring Saint Son, who had by then found a seat. Bu Fang held on to Xiao Ya’s hand and turned around to leave the noodle shop.

Could Ouyang Chenfeng’s noodle shop be able to squash the killing urge of the Heavenly Spring Saint Son? There was a hint of uncertainty from the looks of it.

Bu Fang decided to leave the noodle shop not because he doubted Ouyang Chenfeng’s ability but there seemed to be a frightful existence embedded in Xiao Ya’s body, it would be uncontrollable if it broke out. If the Heavenly Spring Saint Son persisted in killing them, so be it.

Bu Fang heaved gently and made his exit.

The two guards standing at the sides of the door looked gravely at Bu Fang and Xiao Ya. Bu Fang looked at them but did not speak, eventually diminishing into the crowd.

Then, a beautiful figure emerged from the crowd. It was a lady in an emerald green long dress, with an alluring and charismatic figure. All the guards bowed in awe to her.

The lady stared at the direction at which Bu Fang left and on her face was a sardonic grin. “He thinks he can still leave after provoking the saint? He is still too young...”

“Swish.” In an instant, the lady vapourised into a ray of green light and disappeared into thin air.

Xiao Yue looked at the Heaven’s Pivot Saint Son, whose face was full of a benevolent and gentle smile. The saint of Heaven’s Pivot Holy Grounds tapped on Xiao Yue’s shoulder and looked as though he was trying his best to advise him, “Junior Yue, the banquet to be held at the Valley of

Gluttony for the deities of gluttony presents a good chance for you to learn and tune your skills. You should not offend others especially so when there are so many here which you could not afford to be on bad terms with. This is a piece of sound advice your senior is giving you. Do heed it.”

Xiao Yue sneered and shrugged the saint of Heaven’s Pivot Holy Grounds’ hand off his shoulder, then turned around to leave the Noodle King Establishment.

The Heavenly Spring Saint Son had been finding fault in him since entering the noodle shop for no rhyme or reason, so there was no doubt it had to be Liangcheng’s doing. Liancheng had always been envious of his talent, afraid of him usurping his position as the Saint. He had indeed been unscrupulous.

As a top talent invited by the Valley of Gluttony, Xiao Yue would naturally be assigned with a lodge and he went straight ahead to it once he was out of the noodle shop. However, as he strolled, the din in the surroundings subsided. The illuminated arch of heaven dimmed. The cold winter wind rustled through, howling while stirring up the fallen leaves, eventually landing bleakly on the ground.

Xiao Yue paused, but his aura was suddenly razor-sharp. He averted his gaze and fixed it hawkishly at a distance ahead.

The dark clouds gathered and the rain drizzled. The splattering rain resulted in a change of the entire presence of the surroundings. The buzz and the chants of the sword resonated as the rain showered from the sky and cut through the air like sharpened swords.

Chapter 656: Boss Bu..... Give this one a Bowl of Noodles

Bu Fang brought along Xiao Ya as they slowly walked on the road.

It began to lightly rain from the sky. This rain was very sudden and strange, and the air on the streets air seemed to freeze at such moment, becoming bone-chilling.

Stepping on the bricks on the ground, Bu Fang’s steps suddenly stopped. Xiao Ya followed closely at Bu Fang’s side, a little terrified as she looked at the surroundings.

The rain scattered, with its speed getting faster and faster, splashing as it descended onto the ground.

In the next instant, a dainty figure slowly began to appear from the distance. As her thighs moved, her green long robe caused the hazy fair thighs to be faintly discernible, and it was very eye-catching. With her long hair scattered and fluttering slightly, her body radiated a brilliant radiance. The instant the rain descended on her, it bounced off.

The lady's red lips were thick, and as her mouth slightly curved, revealing an arc, there seemed to be playfulness and even disdain. However, in those curved red lips, there seemed to be nothing held back. The lady wore light green boots, the boots covered half her dazzling calves, but the remaining skin had color and luster that was extremely mystifying.

A thin sword was pinched in her hand, and the edge of the thin sword was slightly shaking, as if there was a soundless blade hum resounding.

The lady's long eyelashes shook, looking at Bu Fang who in the middle of the long road.

"Thinking of leaving after offending his majesty the saint?" The lady gently opened her mouth. Her voice was gentle, as if she was blowing by the side of the ear.

Bu Fang furrowed his brows, calmly looking at that lady.

The Heavenly Spring Saint had actually sent someone to make a move? As expected of someone who had to take revenge.

However, let her bring it on... Since she was here, then he just needed to kill her...

Bu Fang gently let out a breath. The green smoke in his hand revolved, and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in the next instant, with true energy being poured into it. A dragon cry then resounded over the arc of the sky, ear-shattering! That pitch-black Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife instantly became a golden knife that he leaned on his shoulder.

Xiao Ya stood behind Bu Fang, watching this scene shyly.

The atmosphere at such moment seemed to suddenly become violent and murderous.

The concubine in green watched Bu Fang's actions, with the curve on her lips widened as she began to laugh involuntarily.

"Little one, you... really are interesting. You actually still want to resist? Is there any meaning? With the ability of someone who has broken one supreme shackle, you still want to escape from this one?" This lady's cultivation was very strong, and although it could not compare to the saint's one, she was also an expert of the Divine Soul Realm, so naturally she was not weak.

Although Bu Fang felt a little thorny, he was not afraid. This lady's power was strong, but he had methods of his own.

As if she felt that she had talked long enough to Bu Fang, that green-robed lady lightly moved her thin sword with her hips swaying, as if she was dancing. Suddenly, the lady stamped on the ground with one foot.

Swish!!

The rainwater on the ground suddenly split into two halves, as that lady's speed was very fast, instantly accelerating in that moment. Her long hair fluttered, bringing a gaze filled with killing intent, locking onto Bu Fang's body. The lady's sword had already appeared in front of Bu Fang.

Bu Fang still held the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife on his shoulder and looked at the enlarging thin sword, but his eyes did not even blink. That calm and expressionless face made the green concubine's heart suddenly feel a little uneasy.

How would she not feel uneasy?

The green concubine felt that it was absurd. With her strength, killing the Divine Physique Echelon ant in front of her should be very easy.

Nevertheless, Bu Fang's appearance was too calm, as if he held victory within his hands... as if he had a card up his sleeve.

That appearance gave the impression he was sure of himself!

Could it be that this kid really had some kind of backing?

Ring...

The thin sword moved, with its blade shaking, causing the raindrops to be sent flying. The green concubine's figure instantly retreated, looking cautiously at Bu Fang.

"You have a backing?!" The green concubine held up her thin sword and her red lips gently opened. Her bright red tongue came out, slowly licking over the blade of her long sword. That appearance was filled with enchantment.

Bu Fang watched quietly, single-handedly holding the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife, allowing the rainwater dripping on his body to flow freely. Then, the Vermillion Robe raised slightly, scattering a wave of fluctuation, causing the raindrops that had come close to evaporate.

"You guess," Bu Fang opened his mouth and said.

Guess?

The killing intent in the green concubine's eyes surged. Was there a need to guess? Killing was even better! Those that offended his majesty the saint... all had to die!

No matter if he had any backing, her one blade would cut everything!

The green concubine's slender legs moved again, with her feet stepping on the ground, causing the rainwater to split apart once more. A horrifying killing energy condensed, and the sword intent surged forth as if condensing into a shapeless big sword that cut down toward Bu Fang.

Rip!!

The air seemed to be cut apart by this sword.

Bu Fang's brows furrowed.

That domineering blade energy was spreading, causing the hair on his forehead to flutter.

Bu Fang gently let out a breath, tilted his head and looked at the green concubine as if he was looking at an idiot.

The true energy in his hand scattered and the dazzling golden light of the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife instantly vanished, once again assuming that simple and unadorned appearance. Bu Fang spun his knife and the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife instantly vanished into smoke.

“Still pretending! You think this one will still believe it?! Die!” The green concubine’s red lips opened as mockery flashed past her beautiful eyes. The sword pierced toward Bu Fang, covering the entire sky with sword light.

Xiao Ya hid behind Bu Fang’s back. As the sword light neared, she squeezed Bu Fang’s clothes, shutting her eyes.

Boom!!

The entire Heaven and Earth shook, and the clouds on the sky seemed to scatter.

Suddenly, the long street went quiet. Only the sound of coughing blood resounded.

The green concubine’s long sword shattered, and her body lay slanted on the ground. Her eyes were filled with fear while they looked at that white-haired and white-browed elder that had unknowingly appeared.

The elder crossed his arms, and his vast long robes moved even without wind, appearing to be an immortal. His gaze coldly swept over the lad who had collapsed on the ground. He slowly raised his palm.

“You... you can’t kill me. I am the maid of the Heavenly Spring Saint! I am the Heavenly Spring Saint’s woman!” The green concubine felt a kind of pressure and energy that was terrifying to the extreme being emitted from the elder’s body, and her heart began to shake, so she roared in fear.

“Heavenly Spring Saint? What plaything is that...”

When the elderly lightly said this sentence, the green concubine eyes instantly froze. In the next instant, his slammed down.

Boom!

A formless fluctuation dispersed in an instant. The green concubine's hair fluttered rapidly, and the light in her eyes dimmed. Just after a while, her life energy had vanished.

The personal maid of the Heavenly Spring Saint... was dead.

While killing this lady, the elderly looked as if he was killing an insignificant fly. Afterwards, he turned his head to look at Bu Fang and Xiao Ya. His gaze landed on Bu Fang's body, seeming slightly cold, but when it landed on Xiao Ya's body, it became gentler.

"The Glutton God's Banquet is just around the corner. As of today, The Glutton God City has endless conflicts, with the appearance of many saints of the Hidden Dragon Royal Court. It's a turbulent time. I let you take care of this lass, but did not let you make trouble," the elderly said.

Bu Fang lightly looked at this elderly as if knowing that the latter would make a move, and the corners of his mouth pulled backward. His gaze was filled with meaning as he lightly said:

"Got it. I won't cause trouble, but other people should also not provoke me..."

Bu Fang brought Xiao Ya into the distance, and their figures vanished under the blanket of the rain.

The elderly crossed his arms, looking at Bu Fang and Xiao Ya's vanishing silhouettes. The expression on his face was strict. It was unknown what he was thinking.

....

In the Noodle King Establishment, the Heavenly Spring Saint held a bowl of steaming noodles in his hands. The luster of the soup of the noodle was revolving, looking glamorous, and its aroma rolled forth, arousing one's appetite.

He then brought the bowl in front of him closer, ready to gently drink a mouthful of the soup.

However, before he drank it, his figure slightly shook and his eyes widened as sorrow instantly spread out from deep within them. The two maids that were quietly standing behind him both froze.

“The green concubine is... dead.”

Holding the bowl, the Heavenly Spring Saint said sorrowfully. There seemed to pain flashing past his face.

“A blood debt must be paid in blood... Green concubine, this saint will definitely take revenge for you,” the Heavenly Spring Saint said. In the next instant, he drank a mouthful of the steaming soup.

The two maids behind the saint were filled with disbelief.

How could it be? Green concubine went to kill a Divine Physique Echelon ant, so how did she die? Did something happen?

That Divine Physique Echelon ant actually had the guts to kill someone of the Heavenly Spring Holy-Land...

He deserved to die!

At this moment, the faces of the two women were filled with killing intent. If they ever saw that chef, they would kill him without questions!

.....

Rainwater dripped on the ground, splashing around, and sword energy dashed through the rain, splitting it apart and bringing forth a sharp slash.

The long sword on Xiao Yue's back hummed, and in the next instant, it rushed toward the heavens, forming a revolving sword light that caused that sword energy to shatter.

His gaze was sharp beyond compare. The sword energy swept horizontally around his body, and the long sword floated above his head.

Below, from the ground, figures floated up, bringing with them killing intent alongside their sword energy.

“The six massacre fencers under Liancheng?” Xiao Yue coldly swept his gaze over the six figures that rose from the ground, calmly saying.

From afar, on the second level of a restaurant, Liancheng’s face was filled with a gentle smile. After pouring clear alcohol into his cup and looking at the hazy scene of rain, he gently toasted.

“Great wine.” Xiao Liancheng praised. “Good wine, good scenery, and something good happening... kill him.”

Ring...

Xiao Yue’s gaze shot forth, looking at Liancheng at the second level of the restaurant. His face was cold beyond compare.

The energy of the six swordmen moved at the same time as if the sharp sword intent wanted to rip Xiao Yue into shreds.

Clink clink clink!!

The clashing of the long sword rung out ceaselessly, and as sword light revolved, the killing intent covered the entire scene. The combat began to explode at that moment.

On the long street, there were a few figures, but there was only the sound of combat resounding.

He was facing the attack of six powerful swordmen, and their perfectly complimenting methodical attacks caused Xiao Yue’s heart to jump in fright, as if he would be killed in the next instant.

He had known that Liancheng would make a move, but he didn’t think that his method would be so severe, directly sending the strongest six swordmen under his control to kill him.

This was meant to be his burial ground!

With a wave of his finger, the long sword above his head split into countless copies. A whistling sound rang out along with them, and while covered in sword light they clashed against the sword intent that the fencers sent out.

Huge explosions occurred, and a terrifying fluctuation spread out.

The rain in the sky became heavier and heavier. Rustling as it descended, it washed over Xiao Yue's figure.

He single-handedly held his sword, kneeling on the ground with one knee. Wounds covered all his body, and there was still some sword intent moving around them...

He raised his head as the sharp energy in his eyes diminished. He was still persevering, and even though he was surrounded by six fencers, he still did not choose to run.

A sword user could only press on!

Liancheng savored the wine, looking at that fight while smiling and watching Xiao Yue's entire body of wounds. Fresh blood flowed down the latter's entire body, and the corner of Liancheng's lips instantly curved upward, showing that he was satisfied.

Suddenly, from within the blanket created by the rain, two figures slowly walked closer from the distance. The two held umbrellas, with the rainwater splattering on top and splashing around, letting out plip-plop sounds.

Xiao Yue gently coughed out a mouthful of blood, turning his head to look at the position of the people who held the umbrella. First, he seemed to be in a daze, but in the next instant the corners of his mouth formed a smile.

"Boss Bu.... give this one a bowl of noodles."

Chapter 657: Cooking Noodle in the Rain

“Boss Bu... give this one bowl of noodles.”

When Xiao Yue said this sentence, there was a smile on his face. He really did not think that Bu Fang would show up at such moment.

Although according to common sense, there was no use in Bu Fang appearing... as someone who was familiar with the Light Wind Empire, how could he interpret Bu Fang with common sense? Bu Fang was someone who created miracles. One couldn't simply judge his ability through his appearance alone.

Hence, Xiao Yue said this sentence, as he remembered that Bu Fang had a kind of empowering ramen... The Rampage Ramen could let his cultivation explode once more, increasing his ability by quite a bit. It was the key to his comeback this time.

The rain continued to fall, getting more violent as it fell.

The rhythmic splatter of the rainwater splashed on top of the oil-paper umbrella with plopping sounds, as if it was about to flip the umbrella over.

However, the hand holding onto the umbrella was strong, causing the oil-paper umbrella to remain sturdy as a rock even under the heavy rain.

Bu Fang brought Xiao Ya along as he slowly advanced. He saw Xiao Yue, who seemed to be in a sorry state with his entire body bleeding even under the washing of the rain. Then, he saw the six people around Xiao Yue holding long swords. He also felt the sword energy that was sharp beyond compare lingering in the air. That energy made his skin break out in goosebumps.

Nevertheless, he did not retreat but walked on, bringing Xiao Ya along. He continued moving forward, slowly walking with his feet that stepped onto the wet ground.

Xiao Ya followed closely behind. Ever since this lass had met Bu Fang, the things that she had experienced had led her to become confused.

On the battlefield, Xiao Yue's words made everyone shocked.

The eyes of the six swordsmen narrowed, looking toward the direction where Bu Fang was walking over.

Very quickly, Bu Fang landed in their sights, but his weak energy was then laid bare. In an instant, the six swordsmen felt a wave of strangeness. Did this Xiao Yue give up? Pulling someone in, and acting as if he was his lifesaver? The person that came forward had a very weak energy level as he was only in the Divine Physique Echelon. How would he save Xiao Yue?

Furthermore.... Eating noodles? At this time, when he was so close to death, this Xiao Yue actually wanted to eat noodles? How was this type of person a peak genius of their Heaven's Pivot Holy Ground? How was this an existence that made the Heaven's Pivot Saint worry endlessly?

He was there as a joke, right?

The six swordsmen looked at each other. Their faces revealed that they did not understand, and there was also a wave of mockery.

On the second level of the restaurant, Liancheng also tilted the wine cup, tasting it. He also saw Bu Fang, recognizing the youth who dared to challenge the Heavenly Spring Saint in the Noodle King Establishment.

In that instant, a mocking sneer leaked out onto Liancheng's face.

"Has Xiao Yue given up? Smashing the pot when it's already cracked... Finding someone who is bound to die as a lifesaver... If others can't even save themselves, how will they save you? This time, Xiao Yue, you have to die."

Liancheng's lips rose, revealing a smile. The hand that was pinching the wine cup put in strength. With a cracking sound, that wine cup was instantly shattered, and the shards that scattered became powder, mixing with the alcohol in the liquid and becoming murky.

The alcohol and the cup then became a bundle of liquid.

Xiao Liancheng pointed his finger, and instantly that ball of water then flew out toward the air, exploding afterward.

This was like a signal, causing the six swordsmen who were in a dazed condition to recover. The sword intent faltered for an instant, then surged forth again. The six men once again slashed over Xiao Yue.

And that youth...

According to the orders of the Saint, similarly... they would kill him without question. Since the Saint wanted him dead, then he should die.

Plip plop.

The water droplets splashed about.

Bu Fang stopped his footsteps, calmly looking at the six people who rushed toward Xiao Yue. The entire rainwater was dispelled under the sword energy of the six people, causing the vapor to cover the surroundings, turning everything into a hazy scene.

“Xiao Ya, hold the umbrella tightly. Don’t get wet.”

Bu Fang passed the oil-paper umbrella to Xiao Ya, and the latter held the handle with both hands, retreating a few steps and looking at Bu Fang with her eyes.

When the umbrella was out of his hands, the rainwater splashed toward his body. However, the Vermillion Robe on Bu Fang’s body moved even without wind. A wave of formless energy shook, causing the rainwater to scatter before reaching him.

“One bowl of noodle? Right, I’ll make one for you right now,” Bu Fang lightly said.

When Xiao Yue heard that, he started laughing loudly in an instant. The humming of the long sword in his hand actually became even stronger, and his sword swept out horizontally as the weapon whistled continuously.

“Then thy will wait for it!”

The six took a step back in fright when seeing Xiao Yue's suddenly exploding confidence, all retreating a few steps.

Green smoke revolved around Bu Fang's hands, and the Black Constellation Turtle Wok appeared. It was heavy, simple and unadorned, as if it carried a terrifying pressure.

Liangcheng, on the second floor of the restaurant, narrowed his eyes. What was this youth going to do? Actually taking out a wok... Was he really going to cook up noodles?

These six swordsmen were unable to comprehend it, but they did not care. Their objective was only to kill Xiao Yue. If he did not die... If he returned back to the Heaven's Pivot Holy Ground, they would be in deep trouble. His talent was too shocking. If they gave him enough time to grow, then they would definitely be played to death!

In reality, ever since Xiao Yue had entered the Heaven's Pivot Holy Grounds, his growth till today had made many hearts chill.

Since they had already made a move on Xiao Yue, then there could not be any trace of kindness. They had to kill him mercilessly!

The six streams of sword light instantly burst forth, revolving on the arc of the sky, as if forming a long dragon, surging as it roared.

Xiao Yue grabbed the sword singlehandedly. His hair, wet from the rainwater, stuck to his face, but his gaze was sharp beyond compare. His killing intent then swept horizontally. Holding the sword with both hands, he slashed.

Colliding with the sword dragon that was condensed from the six streams of sword energy, his entire body was sent flying, and the wounds on his body ripped open, with his blood spilling forth. He coughed out a mouthful of blood, stumbling as he retreated a few steps, then stabilized his figure.

The six swordsmen's faces also underwent a change, spitting out fresh blood from their mouths.

The clash this time.... had injured both sides.

Still, they knew that Xiao Yue had already exhausted his limited abilities. With one more move, they would kill him for sure.

However, Xiao Yue did not care about them, turning his head to look in Bu Fang's direction.

Bu Fang spat out a golden flame from his mouth. That flame seemed to surge forth like a flame dragon. The steam rolled forth as the rainwater seemed to evaporate in that moment, becoming a mist. The mist made everything hazy as it rose, dispersing out and enveloping the surroundings.

Ring...

The flame became smaller, thrusting itself into the bottom of the Black Turtle Constellation Wok.

With a move of Bu Fang's thought, from the system's storage space, a bag of Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water instantly appeared above it, being poured into the Black Constellation Wok with splashing sounds.

The Heaven and Earth Obsidian Flame was really hot, causing the Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water to start boiling after a quick moment.

Bu Fang's face was expressionless. With a move of his hand, strands of noodles as thin as strings flew out instantly, then floated around surrounding his body. It was beautiful, attracting people's eyes.

With a plopping out, the noodle then descended into the Black Turtle Constellation Wok, being swallowed by the boiling Heavenly Mountain Spirit Spring Water.

With bubbling sounds, the steam rose like a long dragon. It spun in the air, rushing toward the heavens and attracting countless eyes.

The six swordsmen were stunned. This guy actually started making noodles on the spot?

But... was there such a need? Could a bowl of noodle save anything? Even a bowl of noodle from the first-grade chef Ouyang Chenfeng would be unable to help Xiao Yue escape that situation!

Xiao Yue had to die. This youth that was cooking noodle... also had to die!

Liancheng looked at the scene that was slowly becoming hazy, involuntarily letting out a mocking smile.

“Really young...”

In the next instant, his eyes began to shine, as if there was silver light revolving, and the white haze in front of them scattered. The scene in front of him became clear once again.

Ding!

A bowl of blue and white porcelain plate flew out, floating on top of Bu Fang’s palm. He then gave the few people in the distance a glance, then reached out his hand to tap on that wok.

Instantly, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok let out an exploding sound. From within, shining-white noodle strands flew out, landing in the bowl.

After scooping a ladle of Abyssal Chilli Sauce, he made it into a soup and added to the noodles.

Swiftly, a bowl of steaming Rampage Ramen has done.

With a thought of his will, from within the system’s storage space, fragrant meatballs flew out, and light revolved around the bowl.

The Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared, and with a spin of his knife, Bu Fang chopped that Vigorous Beef Meatball into two halves, causing the oil juice to scatter into the ramen while they floated on top of it.

With a ringing sound, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok vanished, as well as the Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife.

The blue and white porcelain bowl was firmly held in Bu Fang’s hands. The warmth of that bowl transmitted into his palms. The fragrant Vigorous Meatball Rampage Ramen was done.

Xiao Yue smelled the fragrant that was dispersed in the air, and his tired face involuntarily revealed an expression of fondness. Although the fragrance was weaker due to the washing of the rain, he was still very intoxicated.

“The noodle you wanted... is done.”

The Vermillion Robe fluttered, causing the rainwater to be swept away.

Bu Fang pointed his finger, tapping the side of the blue and white porcelain plate and causing the bowl to fly out toward Xiao Yue.

What was so mystifying about a bowl of noodles?!

Observing the Berserk Ramen that did not seem very out of the ordinary, the six swordsmen looked at each other.

On the second floor of the restaurant, Liancheng's silver eyes swept his gaze over everything. Under his spirit eyes, that bowl of Rampage Ramen let out a shocking level of spiritual energy. That spiritual energy was revolving methodically as if it was condensing into a magic array.

That magic array was extremely mysterious, and he would even find it hard to see through.

But without questions, this bowl of noodles was definitely not ordinary!

No! It was definitely not ordinary!

No wonder Xiao Yue wanted this bowl of noodle. If the spiritual energy that had condensed in the magic array was absorbed by Xiao Yue, the ability that he displayed would definitely be terrifying!

A hand slammed on the dining table, and the longsword that still hadn't been drawn on Liancheng's back instantly whistled as it flew out. On the sword body, light shone and dense sword energy revolved, as if there was a sun filled with sword intent, flying toward Xiao Yue.

“Kill him! Don't let him touch the noodles!” Liancheng coldly said, with his voice transmitting out while booming!

The hearts of the six swordsmen froze. Everyone's eyes revealed shock, but in the next instant, with sword intent revolving, they burst forth, shooting toward Xiao Yue.

The entire scene had become strange.

From where Xiao Yue stood, on his left a steaming Rampage Ramen was leisurely flying over, but on his right, there was a brutal explosion of energy as the empowered sword intent rushed toward the heavens with its sword light, and also the six dashing swordsmen.

The two sides were completely opposites, out of anyone's imagination.

Both were racing against time.

Xiao Yue propped his sword as he stood on the spot. He turned his head to look at the Rampage Ramen that was floating over, and his face instantly revealed a smile. He did not care about the sword intent of Liancheng and the killing intent of the six swordsmen that were getting closer.

He straightened his waist and reached out a hand, grabbing the blue and white porcelain bowl. After he grabbed the bowl, he directly faced the sword intent that was like a mini sun, and the six swordsmen that surrounded him with sword intent.

The corner of his mouth opened up, and he poured the Rampage Ramen in his mouth.

In the next instant, that sword intent that was like a sun engulfed the position where he was standing with a boom. The six swordsmen sword energy also rushed toward the ninth heaven, chopping down!!

.....

Bu Fang gently spat out a breath, then patted his hands, shrugging off the water stains on them. He slowly walked in front of Xiao Ya, retrieving the umbrella in her hands, then held it himself.

As the rainwater splashed as it landed on the oil-paper umbrella, Bu Fang calmly looked in the distance, with the corners of his mouth curving upward.

“A bowl of ramen and even a meatball was added. It should be enough to end it.”

Chapter 658: Too Spicy, Owner Bu!

Rumble!

The rain seemed to be completely torn apart. Sharp sword energy was cutting through the air in the glazing, whistling wind. The dark clouds in the sky scattered, and the rain became pitter-patter.

The sword energy glowed like sun rays, hitting the ground and swallowing Xiao Yue completely. The bolts of sword energies collided with each other, booming and constantly echoing.

Six jets of sword energy from the sky enhanced that energy previously sent, making it even more appalling.

It was a deadly situation. That frightening power made many people retreat.

Because Xiao Yue was the top genius of the Heaven's Pivot Holy Grounds, the Heavenly Pivot's Saint Son really wanted to take his life. This kind of attack could even kill a Divine Soul Expert with a four-step soul ladder! Let alone Xiao Yue, who had just condensed one step of his soul ladder. Even if his fighting competence was amazing, his body's defense could not keep up with it!

Bang!

The six swordsmen held longswords and landed in the distance. Rain fell again, soaking them. Raindrops dripped down the sword tips, splashing on the ground. They gasped fiercely, and their hearts shuddered.

Xiao Yue was indeed the top genius of the Heaven's Pivot Holy Grounds, who was favored by the Great Elder. He was the monstrous genius that could potentially replace the Saint Son Liancheng.

Thus, the six swordsmen were trying very hard to kill him. If they allowed him to grow, he would be definitely a nightmare.

But now, everything was over.

Even the Saint Son Liancheng now took action. The power of his sword energy was incomparable, and it coupling with the joint efforts of the six swordsmen... Xiao Yue must have been completely torn apart by the sword energy.

On the second floor of the restaurant, Liancheng was sitting sternly. His eyes were shining in a silver hue as if he was trying to understand everything. However, Xiao Yue was completely shrouded in the violent energy that clashed about. Liancheng was unable to see him.

Suddenly, the sword energy spread.

Liancheng's silver eyes shrunk, as though he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"What... How is it possible!" Liancheng shouted. He stood up with a gloomy face. His own chair was completely broken and crushed into pieces by the sword energy around him!

"You're still alive! Xiao Yue, Xiao Yue... You are very lucky!" Liancheng clenched his fists tightly. His arrogant smile vanished. He thought that Xiao Yue would have died in the earlier deadly situation as he had taken part in the fighting himself.

He and the Great Elder had stipulated that, if he made a move, it would break the rules... He had put away his honor to join the fight, but still, he could not kill Xiao Yue.

Bu Fang was holding the umbrella. The rain dropped on the umbrella, running down the umbrella's ribs.

Xiao Ya opened her eyes wide, looking at the place full of sword energy.

Bu Fang was very calm. His black pupils seemed to see through all the sword's movement to find a figure in there.

Swish!

An overbearing aura spread slowly.

Suddenly, the sword energy all over the sky was completely crushed.

A sword cry echoed, accompanied by a scream. Then, all of a sudden, a beam of light flew out from the place filled with sword energy, darting toward Liancheng.

Liancheng stood on the second floor of the restaurant, raising one hand. Sword light floated in front of him, and when it dissipated, a sturdy sword was revealed. It was a divine sword which was transparent but sharp and shiny. He touched the sword, and it turned into a jet of light. In just a blink of an eye, it slipped into its scabbard, falling behind his back.

“What a lucky person!” Liancheng looked at the figure that slowly emerged.

Xiao Yue’s eyes were red. Many tufts of his hair were cut off. His cut hair was floating in front of his forehead. He opened his mouth, breathing heavily. The sword intent from his body was fluctuating, and his aura was constantly rising, like an explosion echoing. His lips were red and swollen, and there seemed to be a glittering hue in his eyes.

“Too spicy, Owner Bu!” Xiao Yue bellowed. His tears almost came out. “How could this Rampage Ramen be so spicy? It seems to be different from what I used to eat!”

Although it was spicy, its effect was surprisingly marvelous. Xiao Yue felt that his fighting power had increased dramatically, reaching an unimaginable realm. Perhaps at this moment, he was comparable to the Divine Soul Realm experts with a three-step soul ladder!

The important point was... his current body had become incomparably strong, as if it could bloom with sparkling light. His strength was unmatched, and his punch could break the mountains and rivers!

Owner Bu’s ramen was... as always, spicy!

“Ha ha ha! Spicy! Good!” Xiao Yue shouted. His hair fluttered.

The downpour of rain from the sky seemed to be flying upward in this long scream.

The six swordsmen suddenly changed their faces, holding their swords. Then, their aura rocketed!

However, they found out that their sword intent could not suppress Xiao Yue's!

When did this guy become so strong?!

They all found it difficult to understand...

"Noodles? A bowl of noodles can have this effect?" The silver eyes of Liancheng flashed as if he was looking through something. He muttered. It was no wonder that Xiao Yue sought a bowl of noodles in such a desperate situation. The effect of this noodles was beyond the expectations of all of them.

Liancheng already knew this type of noodles was not the ordinary one. It contained spiritual energy in it... It was truly scary!

"Kill him! Kill him!!"

Liancheng screamed. Taking advantage of Xiao Yue's current aura, which had not yet climbed to the acme, Liancheng patted his palm on the railing of the second floor. The entire railing exploded.

The six swordsmen nodded, shouting. Their swords swayed, cutting through the rain curtain.

Bang!

Six people stepped on the water and quickly galloped.

The swords clanged. The lethal battle was coming!

However, this time, who... who would kill who?!

Xiao Yue felt that his body turned into a furnace. His energy was constantly surging, and his eyes were radiant. He grinned, which then became an extravagant smile. He was holding the sword with one hand and stepping on the ground, which trembled slightly...

Bang...

In an instant, Xiao Yue appeared in front of a swordsman. The swordsman blinked, shuddering as he felt a sense of killing intent in his heart! He spun, and his sword swept across like a swift swallow.

“One force breaks all things! Die!” Xiao Yue’s muscles bulged. The powerful force exploded, making his sword become overbearing. No matter how exaggerated the skills of the swordsman were, Xiao Yue thrust his sword, directly slashing at it!

Bang!!

The sword light instantly scattered!

The swordsman’s sword, who was spinning like a swallow, directly cracked under Xiao Yue’s sword. His sword was broken into pieces.

However, Xiao Yue’s sword did not stop. With the intention to kill, he slashed it down.

A clattering sound rang out!

That swordsman was immediately cut in half by Xiao Yue’s sword. Blood splashed instantly, scattering in the sky. The raging sword caused the swordsman’s body to explode.

Xiao Yue landed on the ground. The rushing rain all over the sky turned into blood rain.

Bloody and violent!

Xiao Yue gasped. His mouth was swollen red, but his chest felt like a fire.

Bu Fang raised his hand and covered Xiao Ya’s eyes.

“Kids shouldn’t watch this,” Bu Fang said casually.

Xiao Ya nodded obediently.

The remaining five swordsmen looked at Xiao Yue as they were extremely terrified. Was this the same guy who has previously allowed them to bully him? How did he suddenly become so savage? He killed their comrade with one slash? Even their comrade's sword was broken?!

Such a huge transformation... just because of a bowl of noodles?

Xiao Yue cocked his head. His cold eyes ruthlessly looked at the five swordsmen in the distance. He moved slowly while the tip of his sword was dragging on the ground.

His sword's tip scratched the ground, making a shrill sound that gave the five swordsmen in the distance goosebumps.

“Are you the six killing swordsmen? Are you the bloody executioners? Do you want to kill me?” Xiao Yue asked slowly. “You are all going to die.”

Xiao Yue's eyes were red. His frantic rage surged. He stomped his foot once more and suddenly disappeared.

Sword energy spread across the sky.

The rain was hit by the energy and became similar to countless sharp arrows that darted toward the five swordsmen.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The five of them waved their swords to block the rain, but, in the next moment, their bodies suddenly became stiff. Xiao Yue was approaching. His true energy was surging, and the sword was raging like a roaring dragon.

The five men cried, rushing against the power.

However, the swords in their hands were all sent away, and there was blood in their mouths. There was a panicked expression in their eyes.

They finally knew why Xiao Yue was able to kill their comrade within one attempt. This man's might had become extremely formidable. Xiao Yue was originally known for his mighty power, and the sword in his hand was a hefty one. The hefty sword in the hand of swordsman with such violent power easily sliced a swordsman into half.

At this time, Xiao Yue's power had become even more frightful. The swordsmen's hearts were trembling.

Liancheng was standing on a high place. The silver hue in his eyes gradually dissipated, revealing dark pupils. He was staring at Xiao Yue with his gloomy and murderous face.

Xiao Yue once more dragged the sword, cocking his head and looking at Liancheng. His mouth provoked the latter, full of ridicule and disdain.

"Xiao Yue... how dare you!" Liancheng's suppressed his sword energy and said coldly.

Xiao Yue looked at Liancheng and laughed. His mouth was red and swollen, which made his appearance quite funny now. Suddenly, Xiao Yue reached out, pointing his middle finger at Liancheng.

The long sword swept over. The five heads of the swordsmen suddenly flew away with terrified expressions on them!

Rumble!

Liancheng's eyes reddened. His sword clanged, then soared up into the sky. However, there was a black shadow that slowly fell behind him, holding the sword and putting it back into the scabbard.

"Saint Son Liancheng! You have agreed with the Great Elder that you wouldn't join this battle. You've already violated the rules." The voice of this shadow was clear and pleasant to the ears. It was actually a female voice, which was somewhat heroic.

Liancheng listened to the female voice, and his aura subsided. He looked at Xiao Yue and took a deep breath.

“Xiao Yue, brother, you’re really extraordinary. However, I despise you. See you again.” Liancheng smiled again and moved downstairs.

Xiao Yue’s lips were still swollen. He gazed at the shadow, while his eyes looked a bit complicated.

The shadow was wrapped in a black robe, looking at him deeply. She quietly sighed and disappeared immediately.

After that, Xiao Yue suddenly grinned, turned around, and clasped his hands together toward Owner Bu.

“Thank you very much for your ramen, Owner Bu... It’s the same recipe with a great taste. I missed eating it.” Xiao Yue praised with his bleeding lips and draining aura.

The Rampage Ramen and the Vigorous Beef Meatball’s effects would subside after the blast. Furthermore, for a long time, Xiao Yue could not obtain the enhanced power from that delicious food.

Bu Fang nonchalantly looked at Xiao Yue, nodding.

“You’re here this time to join the Glutton God’s Banquet, aren’t you? Let’s go and we can join the feast together!” Xiao Yue sheathed his long sword and said happily.

Bu Fang was a bit surprised, glancing at Xiao Ya.

“All right! Take Xiao Ya with you. She was looking forward to joining the feast for a long time.”

Bu Fang’s words surprised Xian Yue. “Are you not going?”

Bu Fang mused. He turned his head and looked at the mist under the rain curtain above the Sunset Lake, which looked like a wild beast from that chaotic time. He said, “I have more important things to do.”

...

At the Noodle King Establishment, the Heavenly Spring's Saint Son slowly walked out of the shop. A red-dressed maid opened an oil paper umbrella to block the rain for him.

The Heavenly Spring's Saint Son held his hand and looked at the distance, with his face indifferent.

"Lan Ji, go find the chef... He has to pay with blood for killing a woman from my Heavenly Spring. Bring the Golden Armored Guards and take the head of that chef to me."

Chapter 659: Fishing in Sunset Lake

"Yes, Your Grace."

The maid was as beautiful as a lotus breaking the surface. She was wearing a blue dress, which highlighted her glowing, porcelain-like skin, her oval face, and her graceful body. She slowly bowed to the Heavenly Spring's Saint Son, then stepped into the pouring rain.

Several Golden Armored Guards followed behind the maid, walking toward the distance and slowly disappearing.

"Lan Ji, let's go."

Heavenly Spring's Saint Son observed her until her shadow disappeared. He tucked a strand of hair on his forehead aside, faintly talking to the red-dressed girl who was holding the oil paper umbrella for him.

The girl in red was also very beautiful. Her face was like a doll, delicate and cute, and her knowing eyes sparkling as if they could talk.

"Can sister Lan kill the chef? Lu Ji is already dead. Your Grace, how about I volunteer? Please let Little Chi go." The girl in the red dress blinked, and she was suddenly excited.

Heavenly Spring's Saint Son smirked, slightly tapping on the girl's forehead.

“Silly girl. Lan Ji can work better than you.”

Little Chi held the umbrella and rubbed her forehead, showing a happy smile.

“Your Grace, I just want to be helpful to you.”

“Alright, go back, the Glutton God’s Banquet is about to begin,” Heavenly Spring’s Saint Son said.

The red-dressed girl then quieted down, holding the umbrella while following the Heavenly Spring’s Saint Son and stepping into the rain.

Ouyang Chenfeng was standing at the entrance of the noodles restaurant, clasping his hands. He looked at the pattering rain and sighed.

“I am afraid that something big will happen at the Glutton God’s Banquet.”

...

Bu Fang held an oil-paper umbrella, walking with Xiao Ya and following a group of people.

Xiao Yue was supported by several people, so he could only walk slowly.

The Glutton God City was very large and its streets were intricate. Bu Fang looked around, seeing a lot of restaurants, from which strong fragrance permeated and lingered.

Xiao Ya’s eyes widened. She looked around curiously. She was craving when looking at those restaurants. She just knew about the Glutton God City through her grandfather’s story. She did not expect to be able to enter the city in person one day. This was something she had never imagined.

Like what grandpa said, there was food everywhere!.

Xiao Ya saw a splendid restaurant in the distance. “Big brother, look, that is the dragon meat restaurant that Grandpa once told Xiao Ya! It has all kinds of dragon cuisine.” She pulled Bu Fang’s sleeve and shouted excitedly.

Bu Fang was surprised. That dragon meat restaurant was quite interesting. Dragon meat... Bu Fang was very good at cooking it. Actually, He was famous for cooking dragon meat back in the Light Wind Empire.

However, Bu Fang and the others did not enter that restaurant but walked along the street and entered a residential area.

It was the place the Valley of Gluttony had prepared for the experts from outside the valley.

After a long walk under the rain, everyone finally arrived at their destination.

Xiao Yue lived in a large house. His men were waiting for them there.

Bu Fang stepped into the house with Xiao Ya.

After arranging a room for Bu Fang, Xiao Yue returned to his room to recover from his injuries. He was wounded entirely and was bleeding everywhere. His blood was gushing terrifyingly.

Without the support of the Rampage Ramen and the Vigorous Beef Meatball, Xiao Yue might have already died under the swords of the six dangerous swordsmen.

The Saint Son Liancheng’s six assassins were powerful, and so were the three maids of the Heavenly Spring’s Saint Son.

“Tomorrow is the Glutton God’s Banquet. You can rest now. We will leave when Young Master Xiao Yue gets better. The Glutton God’s Banquet is an important event of the Hidden Dragon Royal Court. There will be plenty of delicious food. You won’t be disappointed,” a middle-aged man who looked like a butler smiled and said to Bu Fang.

Bu Fang glanced nonchalantly at the man. Although he seemed friendly, Bu Fang did not feel his goodwill.

Bu Fang's mental energy was extremely great at the moment, far beyond the experts at same realm. He could recognize who was pretending.

"Oh, alright, I'm gonna walk around for a while," Bu Fang nodded.

Just then, he left the house under the butler's gaze. The butler was still smiling. As soon as Bu Fang left, his smile immediately disappeared. When he turned his hand, a white jade talisman appeared in it. A wave of vibrations entered the jade talisman. It was then broken; a message was transmitted.

The butler smirked and left.

When Bu Fang left the house, it was drizzling.

In fact, he did not care much about the Glutton God's Banquet. He was more concerned about how to catch the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish in the Sunset Lake.

The Sunset Lake was vast and boundless, and housed countless mighty beasts. Thinking about how to catch it really made him a little dizzy.

There were all kinds of restaurants on both sides of the Glutton God City. Bu Fang sauntered past the restaurants and raised his eyebrows while watching them. Then, he chose a restaurant and stepped in. After he had entered the restaurant, several black shadows holding longswords appeared.

These shadows exchanged looks, gazed at the restaurant's plaque and went back into hiding.

As Bu Fang had already entered the restaurant naturally, he didn't know what happened outside. This restaurant was quite cold and cheerless, which was very different from the other bustling restaurants in this city.

Moreover, compared to those lively restaurants, the inner space of this restaurant was too small it could hold only a few tables and chairs. Although the restaurant was small, it was really clean and tidy.

When Bu Fang went in, a short-haired girl went to the counter. The girl smiled and looked at Bu Fang. She was wearing a long chef coat, but it was not a first-grade chef's uniform. Obviously, she was not the chef of this restaurant.

"Welcome, what food do you want to order?" the girl said with a smile.

"You didn't give me the menu. How can I order?" Bu Fang sat down, tilted his head then looked up at the young girl, asking.

The girl grinned.

"There are things you don't know. Chef Wenren of our restaurant doesn't like to set up menus. Whatever you want to eat, just order. If Chef Wenren can cook it, he will do it. If he can't, he won't," answered the short-haired girl.

"Oh?"

Bu Fang was surprised, raising his eyebrows. The chef didn't like to set up a menu?

"Just order whatever I want? The chef of this restaurant must be a bit crazy, well, crazier than me."

However... such a crazy chef was just what Bu Fang was looking for.

Bu Fang looked at the girl. Somehow, she felt tense. That was the way Chef Wenren often looked at her.

"Do you have any dish with the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish as the main ingredient?" asked Bu Fang.

The Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish?

The girl was startled. She breathed in a sip of cold air, looking at Bu Fang with suspicious eyes.

"Sir... Are you kidding?" The girl was looking at Bu Fang with disbelief as she said.

That was a kind of spirit beast in the Sunset Lake. That beast was incredibly fierce and vicious. It was an extremely frightening and terrifying beast, indeed. Moreover, catching that fish was more difficult than catching the other ones. Even if it was caught, it would be much more difficult to process the fish. After all, if it were handled wrongly, the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish would become deathly toxic. Even a powerful Saint could be poisoned to death.

This kind of spiritual beast, even in the holy-land of gourmet food, was rarely eaten.

Why did this young man want to eat such kind of food? Was he causing trouble?

“Well... Can’t you do it?” Bu Fang frowned, asking.

Bu Fang did not know how difficult it was to cook the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish. He was just skeptical.

The girl became somewhat embarrassed.

“Well, if you can’t cook it, just forget it,” Bu Fang felt a little regretful as he thought he could get a chance to taste the fish. This restaurant was just a dud.

“Ahem, ahem... Do you want to eat the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish?”

The girl was embarrassed, but suddenly, a tall man came out of the kitchen. The man was slim but upright, with an ashen face and a frail body. He was wearing a chef robe, which looked similar to Ouyang Chenfeng’s chef coat.

Obviously, this man was a first-grade chef.

“Yes,” Bu Fang looked at him and nodded. The young man held a gourd in his hand. He removed the lid and drank a sip of the liquid in the gourd. A scent of wine escaped. Bu Fang’s heart fluttered.

“It’s possible that you can eat the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish. This great chef can cook it. However, we don’t have the fish here. If you want to eat it, you have to catch it yourself.”

The young man walked to Bu Fang, pulled a chair and sat down. He glanced at Bu Fang and suddenly shuddered. He found an aura from Bu Fang's body which made him tense.

"Are you also a chef?" The young man glanced at Bu Fang while pouring a sip of wine into his mouth.

"Yes. Do you know how to catch the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish?" Bu Fang asked. "Since you know how to cook it, you must know how to catch it."

The man smirked. He gently exhaled a breath filled with the smell of liquor.

"If you want to eat fish, then go fishing. Fishing, you understand? Go fishing in the Sunset Lake," The young man said. Then he stood up, holding the gourd and walking back to the kitchen. "Anyway, this great chef wants to remind you to be careful. Don't let the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish eat you. Turning into fish dung is very interesting, ha ha ha ha!"

The young man laughed and gradually disappeared.

However, Bu Fang fell into deep thought with the man's words.

That's right... Go fishing! Go fishing in the Sunset Lake! If one wanted to eat fish, one had to go fishing to catch the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish.

Bu Fang grinned. He stood up and quickly looked at the kitchen.

That chef was interesting!

He must have some old stories.

After he got that fish, the spiritual fish, he would come back to hear that chef's stories!

Bu Fang left the restaurant under the stunned look of the short-haired young girl. His foot stepped on a puddle and made the bubbles splash around.

In the next instant, his heart tightened.

A sword light suddenly came from the darkness as murderous aura filled the area.

Chapter 660: Here Comes The Murderous Intent!

The sword intent raided all of a sudden. The splashing water from the puddle hadn't even fallen as the sword intent had already pierced through it. It was so sharp that it could even cut through the void.

A huge explosion rocked the vicinity, bringing with it a wave of horror.

Bu Fang furrowed his eyebrows, and goosebumps sprouted all over his body.

Black shadows rushed out from the within the darkness, sporting terrifying murderous intents. The sword energies—which were so dense that they almost seemed solid—attacked Bu Fang from all directions, leaving no avenue for escape.

Bu Fang stood still, however. His Vermillion Robe fluttered in the wind, rising up by the sword energy. Light scattered from his robe.

“You interfered with the Saint Son’s matter, and now the Saint Son has issued an order for your head.”

A hoarse voice resounded, and suddenly, the sword energy thickened, becoming more brutal. The water on the ground burst like sharp swords flying toward Bu Fang.

“The Saint Son’s order?” Bu Fang raised his eyebrows. “The Heavenly Spring’s Saint Son? But I didn’t ruin his business. Maybe, it’s the Saint Son Liancheng. Maybe...”

Bu Fang shuddered. He could feel the sword energy all around him approaching rapidly. Then, his face darkened, and his countenance turned murderous. Green smoke curled around his hand and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok appeared. As soon as it emerged, the wok covered Bu Fang completely.

The bolts of sword energy finally arrived and attacked the wok, but none was able to damage the wok in the slightest; all they did was cause the wok to shake slightly.

After the onslaught, the Black Turtle Constellation Wok suddenly flew up, shrunk, and returned to Bu Fang's hand.

The swordsmen in black were also a bit frightened. They quickly retreated, landing far away from Bu Fang, but they still encircled him.

Bu Fang raised the Black Turtle Constellation Wok and coldly looked at them.

As soon as the swordsmen were about to strike once more, two people slowly walked out of the restaurant behind Bu Fang.

"Hey, you're fighting in front of my restaurant. Are you looking down on us because this restaurant has no customers?"

The slender figure leaned against the door frame, flipped open the lid of a bamboo gourd, and took a sip of liquor. Light-yellow wine dripped from the corners of his lips, and he raised his hand to wipe it off with his sleeve. After that, he coldly stared at the intruders.

It was the first-grade Chef Wenren Shang! Why did he come out there? Wasn't it true that Wenren Shang's restaurant did not get involved in the business of others?

This development caused the swordsmen to frown, and they could not help glancing at each other.

Wenren Shang was a first-grade chef. Although his reputation in the Valley of Gluttony was not good, he was still a chef at the same level as Ouyang Chenfeng. Hence, the swordsmen were a bit worried.

"Chef Wenren Shang. This is the Saint Son's matter. Can you give his grace some face?" a swordsman coldly asked. The sword in his grip was trembling slightly.

"The Saint Son? The Hidden Dragon Royal Court has so many Saint Sons. I don't know which Saint Son you work for, so why should I care about him? Do not mess up in front of my restaurant. Now, get lost."

Wenren Shang waved his hand in dismissal and took another sip of wine from the bamboo gourd. The rich aroma permeated his mouth, making him feel pleased.

The swordsmen all wore cold expression. They whispered to each other briefly before shifting their gazes to Bu Fang.

“Chef Wenren, we will have to offend you, then. This man interfered with the Saint Son’s business, so the Saint Son ordered us to kill him,” another swordsman said.

After saying so, he rushed toward Bu Fang with incredible speed, and his sword energy swirled, causing a loud bang to resound. The other swordsmen took a leaf from his book and attacked as well. Suddenly, the air was once again filled with sword energies and killing intent.

Bu Fang emotionlessly watched them approach before letting out a small sigh.

The moment Bu Fang was ready to strike, however, Wenren Shang suddenly stood straight. His bamboo gourd trembled slightly, and a drop of yellow wine burst out of it. The drop of wine hovered in front of Wenren Shang, who quietly watched the swordsmen approach. Suddenly, he flicked his arm, and that drop of wine turned into countless wine arrows. That scene was beautiful and reminiscent of a fairy scattering off her flower petals.

Bang!

A massive explosion rang out, and a swordsman, who was struck by a terrifying force, was sent flying backward.

Thud...

The swordsmen’s gaze shifted to Wenren Shang, but his expression turned to one of terror.

“Do you really want to interfere in the Saint Son’s matter? Be careful not to offend someone who you really shouldn’t be causing any trouble for,” another swordsman coldly said.

Wenren Shang raised his eyebrows and silently looked at the swordsmen. He raised his hand once more, and countless drops of yellow wine could be seen hovering above his palm.

The wine drops were round and shiny, and their interiors seemed filled with surging energy.

“If you wish for more, only death awaits you,” Wenren Shang said.

Bu Fang, who still held onto his wok, turned to look at Wenren Shang in surprise. Wenren Shang was very brave. Was he trying to help him? Or was he just enforcing his restaurant’s rule?

Nevertheless, Bu Fang nodded slightly at him.

The swordsmen, on the other hand, trembled when they heard the warning.

As Wenren Shang was someone unfathomable, they were not sure how to kill Bu Fang in front of him and still return safely. Hence, they stood down before slowing retreating into the heavy rain.

Rain poured down from the sky, forming puddles all around.

Bu Fang nodded at Wenren Shang once more before disappearing into the rain.

“Chef Wenren Shang, why did you help him? He came to the restaurant and caused trouble for us by requesting to eat the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish.” The short-haired girl looked at Wenren Shang with a puzzled expression on her face.

Wenren Shang smirked. His slender figure turned around and returned into his restaurant, all the while drinking wine from his bamboo gourd.

“That guy is interesting. The Glutton God’s Banquet would be meaningless if he died so soon.”

The short-haired young woman was so confused. She glanced in the direction Bu Fang left before turning to look at the departing Wenren Shang. Even when he had gone, she was still confused.

From a corner in the distance, a girl wearing a blue dress watched Bu Fang leave. Behind her was a group of Golden Armored Guards. They looked very dangerous; the killing intent they emanated made that fact even more obvious.

“Madam Lan Ji, do you want to take action?” A Gold Armored Guard asked out loud in a deep voice.

The girl was as beautiful as a lotus that had just bloomed. Her eyes were gorgeous, and her gaze was deep and calm. As she watched Bu Fang vanish into the rain, she shook her head sideways.

“No. This is Wenren Shang’s territory. It will not be good to have him against us. Furthermore, Wenren Shang is one of the most enigmatic first-grade chefs, and even the Saint Son does not want to mess with him; hence, we should not cause trouble, either.”

The guards nodded and spoke no more. All they had to do was obey.

“Follow the chef. When you get the right opportunity, kill him.”

Although the girl was as gorgeous as a fairy, her words were wicked and laced with killing intent.

...

When Bu Fang left the restaurant, he headed straight forward. He was pondering how he would fish in the Sunset Lake. “If I want to go fishing, I must have fishing tools, such as a fishing rod, fish bait, etc.”

However, he had no clue where to find these things.

In the rain, Bu Fang slowly sauntered out of Glutton God City, headed toward the edge of the Sunset Lake. There were numerous tall trees filled with spirit energy swaying constantly. When Bu Fang reached them, a look of surprise crossed his face before it was replaced by a grin.

Rumble!

A tree collapsed to the ground, crushing many shrubs beneath it. He took the straight trunk with one hand, slowly moving it on the ground so that the bark was cracked. After that, he walked out of the forest and toward the Sunset Lake.

“I’m gonna make a fish rod just long enough to fit the spirit beast’s tendon in my system storage bag.” Bu Fang touched his chin as he thought.

Suddenly, green smoke curled around his hand, and the glistening Golden Dragon Bone Kitchen Knife appeared in his hand. After checking if the blade was sharp, Bu Fang took out a Chili Strip from the system storage and sucked on it. He raised the knife before swinging it downward.

Soon, Bu Fang finished cutting the tree with his knife, but it was still very thick.

He took the glittering spirit beast tendon from the system storage bag and tied it up. After that, he admired his handmade fishing rod. Although it was a bit ugly, it was fully functional.

Bu Fang tied a hook to one end of the tendon and walked slowly toward the lake. When he reached the edge, he swung the huge trunk, and the hook, which he had attached to the spirit beast tendon, fell into the water.

As the strong winds from the lake blew at his feather coat, the beast tendon shook for a bit before starting to stretch.

What?!

Bu Fang blinked. What the hell? I got a fish without any bait?

He took a step backward and pulled the trunk up.

Roar!

The beast tendon trembled from the force. Soon, the lake water splattered all around as a fierce beast was pulled out of the lake.

“What fish is this?”

Bu Fang was startled. Catching a fish without using any bait... should not be a good omen.

As soon as the monstrous fish was pulled above the water, its pupils swiveled around and spotted Bu Fang. A fierce glint flickered in its eyes, and it slowly opened its maw, revealing rows of glinting, sharp teeth.

Roar!

An aggressive roar resounded throughout the lake, and right after that, the fierce beast leaped toward Bu Fang with its open maw. Bu Fang raised the fishing rod with one hand, and green smoke enveloped his other hand. The Black Turtle Constellation Wok instantly appeared and was used to smash the beast's head aggressively.

Thud.

The groggy beast fell back into the Sunset Lake.

"Oh... Is that the Earthy Ugly Fish? It's the food of the Heaven-Swallowing Spiritual Spot Fish... Not bad. It can be used as fish bait," Bu Fang said, surprised.

He pulled the trunk again and the beast was once again pulled out of the water.

As soon as the beast spotted Bu Fang again, it opened his mouth and roared even louder than before.

Bu Fang raised his eyebrows, and the Black Turtle Constellation Wok reappeared.

With a bang, the wok made contact with the beast's head again, causing its teeth to scatter everywhere. This made the fish scream.

Soon, Bu Fang began walking away from the lake, with the fishing rod on one shoulder and the fish on the other.

The girl in the blue dress strolled in the rain, which seemed to have no intention of stopping soon. She was looking straight in Bu Fang's direction, and the Golden Armored Guards behind all emitted killing intents.